

THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE REBELLION RECORD : A Diary of American Events, Edited by Frank Moore, author of *Diary of the American Revolution*. New York : G. P. Putnam—Charles T. Evans. [Part 35 contains Portraits of General Weitzel and General Sill.]

TO NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

A friend in the country writes to us that he sees almost every week, in his country paper, some article copied from *The Living Age*, without acknowledgment. And he advises us to say as follows: (and so we proceed to say)

"We have been accustomed to *exchange* with many newspapers which we do not read, out of courtesy, or from remembrance of their early introduction of *The Living Age* to their readers. While some of these papers are very sensitive and tenacious in regard to credit due themselves, they habitually copy from us without acknowledgment, preferring to give credit only to the foreign journals, which we always quote. They thus set up a claim on their own subscribers, as if they (the newspapers) were at the trouble and expense of importing all the *Quarterlies*, *Monthlies*, and *Weeklies*. We are therefore forced to give notice that where we are overlooked in this way, we must stop the exchange."

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COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE.

DIED, FRIDAY, AUGUST 14,

BURIED. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

ANOTHER great, gray-headed chieftain gone
To join his brethren on the silent shore!
Another link with a proud past undone!
Another stress of life-long warfare o'er!

Few months have passed since that grey head we
saw
Bending above the vault where Outram slept;
Lingering as if reluctant to withdraw
From that grave-side, where sun-bronzed soldiers wept.

The thought filled many minds, is *he* the next
To take his place within the Abbey walls?
A gnarled trunk, by many tempests vexed,
That bears its honors high, even as it falls.

He *is* the next! the name that was a fear
To England's swarthy foes, all India through,
Is now a memory! No more fields will hear
His voice of stern command, that rang so true.

The tartaned ranks he led and loved no more
Will spring, like hounds unleashed, at his behest;
No more that eye will watch his soldiers o'er,
As mothers o'er their babes, awake, at rest.

A life of roughest duty, from the day
When with the boy's down soft upon his chin,
He marched to fight, as others run to play,
Like a young squire his knightly spurs to win.

And well he won them; in the fever-swamp,
In foughten field, by trench and leaguered wall,
In the blank rounds of dull routine, that damp
Spirits of common temper more than all,

He trod slow steps but sure; poor, without
friends,

Winning no way, save by his sweat and blood;
Heart-sick too often, when from earned amends
He saw himself swept back by the cold flood,

Against which all must strive, who strive like
him

By merit's patient strength to win the goal,
Till many a swimmer's eye grows glazed and
dim,

And closes, ere the tide doth shoreward roll.

Stout heart, strong arm, and constant soul to aid,
He sickened not nor slackened, but swam on;
Though o'er his head thick spread the chilling
shale,

And oft, twixt seas, both shore and stars seemed
gone.

Till the tide turned, and on the top of flood
The night spent swimmer bore triumphant in;
And honors rained upon him, bought with blood,
And long deferred, but sweeter so to win.

And fame and name and wealth and rank were
heaped

On the gray head that once had held them
high;

But weak the arm which that late harvest reaped,
And all a knight's work left him was to die.

Dead! with his honors still in newest gloss,
Their gold in sorry contrast with *his* gray:
But by his life, not *them*, we rate his loss,
And for sweet peace to his brave spirit pray.

No nobler soldier's heart was ever laid
Into the silence of a trophied tomb;
There let him sleep—true gold and thrice assayed
By sword and fire and suffering—till the doom!
—Punch.

COMPENSATION.

THE bruised flower more fragrance gives
Than those of hardy growth and strong;
And scarce a bird of summer lives
His life of song,
But bears some broken joy along.

The ripple on the glassy lake,
The breezy murmur of the trees,
The flowery waves of dell and brake,
Yea, all of these
Are types of human destinies,

That circle on, that grieve and sigh,
That bloom and fade, and pass away—
While not the meanest flower can die
From day to day,
But hath its own appointed way:

It lives again through endless years,
Each atom bearing well its part;—
And thus, O dweller of the spheres!
O human heart!
Thou shalt thy usefulness impart.

Thou hast a germ of life within,
That evermore shall deathless be;
By mortal suffering thou shalt win
The liberty
Of all that is enslaved in thee.

Each faith, each hope, each warm desire,
Held captive in the chains of earth,
Shall, chastened by affliction's power,
Hail sorrow's birth,
And deem earth's joys of little worth.

And if thou art so circumstanced
That earthly pleasures are not thine,
Then shall thy soul be recompensed
By joys divine:
The furnace doth the gold refine.

Thou atom of a power divine!
Where'er unhappiness is rife,
There let a bright example shine:
And, all thy life,
Assist thy brother in the strife.

—New York Observer.

From The Spectator.

THE SUN AS A DWELLING-PLACE.

IN the physics of the universe, as in the customs of human societies, there are many serious qualifications to the advantages of a central situation. Sir William Armstrong suggested, in his inaugural address last week to the British Association, that that curiously mottled appearance of the sun's bright atmosphere when seen through a telescope, which has given rise to Mr. Nasmyth's expression about the solar "willow-leaves," might be due to "organized" forms of matter; and that the constant supply of heat which warms the whole solar system may, as previous astronomers have suggested, be due to the constant concussion of falling bodies rushing into the centre of our system, and heating it just as his own cannon-balls or shells heat the great targets at Shoeburyness. Both these suggestions are, of course, mere guesses, though the latter, at least, is as probable as any other mere conjecture concerning the source of the solar heat; but both of them suggest so many marvels and inconveniences which would attend its possible inhabitants, if it could be the habitation of beings in any way resembling the inhabitants of this earth, that if astronomers were to acquiesce in them, or, at least, in the latter of them, the sun would probably be given up as rapidly as the moon to that desolating theory of Dr. Whewell, which refuses to give rational animals a foothold anywhere in the universe except upon our little planet. Certainly, one would not choose for a dwelling-place a sphere, however majestic, eternally bombarded from all parts of the celestial spaces,—a world into which minute planets, that had been travelling from infinite distances with a constantly accelerating speed, should be constantly crashing home, where the annexation of a comet would be an every-day event. Sebastopol or Vicksburg under siege would be a sort of heaven to such a life as that, besides that, they at least had the satisfaction of returning the fire, which would be impossible for the sun, seeing that the force which would keep up the bombardment would be of no alien origin, but inseparable from its own existence. The big salamanders, 100,000 miles in area, which Sir W. Armstrong pictured as floating in the solar atmosphere, and this heavy celestial artillery, are alike matters of conjecture; but of the sun as a dwelling-place for em-

bodied creatures we can form a few notions based on more trustworthy facts. Indeed, the elder Herschel, who was one of the earliest theorists about the sun's spots, always held that the sun might be inhabited; that its solid nucleus, that is, need not be so hot as to prevent the existence of beings organized more or less as we are. It is, at least, worth while to consider what sorts and degrees of difference such a life, if it be possible, would imply, even without an atmosphere of gigantic salamanders, and a converging fire of innumerable meteors and planetoids, or a lashing by cometary tails a few millions of miles in length.

In the first place, there is, no doubt, *room* enough for a very considerable immigration there, as the surface of the sun would accommodate in mere extent the population of 12,000 earths. In other words, if the earth had been *fully* peopled during 12,000 generations, and all its population transferred to the sun, the sun would only then become fully peopled, supposing its surface to be in the same proportion susceptible of cultivation. Unfortunately, however, the muscular power needed for walking on the sun would have to be twenty-eight times as great, for a man of the same size, as the muscular power needed for walking on the earth. The sun is very much less dense than the earth,—not much, indeed, above the density of water,—but its enormous size increases the gravitation there to twenty-eight times its power on earth. Every man, therefore, suddenly transferred to the surface of the sun,—if he could *live* there at all,—would appear to himself to have an accumulation of *twenty-seven* other men upon his back—a weight under which it is needless to observe that no human muscles could stagger. However, swimming upon such a surface, in any fluid as light as water (and the bulk of the sun appears to be made up of fluid at least as light as this), would be far easier than it is here; for all weights being multiplied by about twenty-eight, the difference between the weight of the water displaced and of the human body—which measures the supporting force—would also be multiplied by twenty-eight; and just in proportion, therefore, as the difficulty of walking is increased there, that of swimming (in such a fluid as our water) would be diminished.

But these differences are trifling compared

with the differences arising from the central position of the sun. To inhabitants of that globe there would be no such phenomena as day and night, but a perpetual and uniform blaze, like the light with which the roofs of the Houses of Parliament are nightly lighted up, though infinitely intense, would be always blazing above that semi-transparent cloudy screen which Sir William Herschel thought might temper the light and heat of the solar world. Most of our best astronomers believe that the sun has three strata of atmosphere. The highest stratum is a genuine atmosphere like our own, the existence of which is betrayed by the red beads of the solar eclipse, due to the same atmospheric cause as the red light of sunset, and also by the comparative paleness of the edges of the solar disc (whose oblique light would travel to us through much more of this atmosphere than the light from the centre). The middle is the phosphorescent atmosphere in which the light (and perhaps heat) of the sun is situated. The lowest one, again, is an atmosphere full of thick cloud, which is seen by us only when one of the cavities opens in the outer atmosphere which we call "spots" on the sun. At all events, it is quite certain that the illuminating power of the sun is quite external to its principal mass,—for it is proved that the spots are cavities in the illuminating surface showing a much darker world beneath. Sir David Brewster, indeed, believes that though the *light* of the sun is derived from the higher strata of its atmosphere, its *heat* comes from the body of the sun itself, and urges, we believe, in confirmation, that those years are hottest when there are most of these dark spots on the sun, instead of when there are fewest. This, however, is an exceedingly doubtful fact, and probably there are as yet no data for deciding it either way. In the mean time, it is natural to suppose that the light and heat are derived from the same source, and that since we have at times glimpses into the recesses of a darker sphere, that darker sphere would also be a cooler sphere than we usually connect with our visible sun. Indeed, if inhabitable at all, it would need to be. The temperature of the sun's heated surface is calculated to be seven times as hot as the hottest known blast furnace. "It would require the combustion of more than 130,000 lbs., or nearly sixty tons of coal *per hour*, on each *square foot* of the

sun's surface, to produce a heat equal to that radiated from the solar orb." We can easily imagine how very thick a stratum of cloud and air it would need to protect the solar inhabitants, if such there are, from a heat and light so intense and so constant, where there is no periodic light to lower the temperature and rest the eye after the heat and glare of the day. This heat and light would have to shine through a most effectively protecting roof of cloud to be in any way consistent with human or quasi-human organisms. At the same time, it may be reasonably argued that the heat we picture to ourselves *must* at some point or other be tempered, if only towards the very centre of the solar globe, since it would otherwise reduce the whole globe to gas, while the sun has, in fact, an average density greater than water; and this being so, there must be a limit at which this enormous heat is reduced—though, of course, the nearest approach to solidity *might* be seas of molten iron. Still the probability of some deep cloudy stratum of atmosphere enveloping a cooler world seems considerable.

But even if this be so, the vast difference between the physical situation of the Sumites and that of our race would scarcely be much diminished. With a sufficiently thick sea of cloud between them and the intolerable light and heat, they might manage to exist, like the fabled mermen who, living on the ocean floor, saw sunlight only through the unfathomable depths of the sea. But then, though living in the centre of our system, they could never know that there was a system at all beyond this centre. They could not even know that their own sun revolves in about twenty-five and a half of our days on its own axis. For no celestial phenomena at all could be accessible to them. The constant and uniform light would shut them in far more effectually than any darkness; and the cloud which would be essential to soften that constant and uniform light would be a second screen. We could never know that our own earth revolved on its axis if a blaze stronger than the strongest noon always shut out the night. And the solar inhabitants certainly would be far more effectually cut off from astronomy, both by their light and by the internal screen which would interrupt the light, than by any darkness. The planet Neptune would have a better chance of good astronomers than the sun. The absence of

anything like night and dew, and of all the consequent periodic changes in the vegetable and animal world, would certainly revolutionize the whole character of the agriculture, and natural history. Sleep might perhaps exist without night, but both plants and animals must have a different structure in order to secure it. Then, too, there could be no change of the seasons, and even mountains, instead of rising into a colder zone, would probably rise into a hotter. The equator of the sun, indeed, would, Sir John Herschel thinks, be hotter than its poles, owing to the greater accumulation of the third or external atmosphere around its central belt (just as water set spinning gets heaped up round the middle and flattened at both ends), so keeping the heat in more at the equator than at the poles. And to this Sir John Herschel ascribes the *spots* which appear and disappear in two belts—corresponding to the belts of our trade-winds—on the sun's surface. He thinks these are apertures caused by the external atmosphere breaking through the fiery atmosphere, in eddies like water-spouts,—for reasons analogous to those which restrict circular whirlwinds and water-spouts even on our earth to the region of the trade-winds. The notion is confirmed by the fact that these spots on the sun have been observed to spin round on some axis of *their own*, before closing in, just as if they were of the nature of monstrous eddies. But even these tornadoes, which in certain latitudes of the sun, perhaps break through as far as the lower envelope of cloud, can scarcely open to the Sunites a tunnel through which they could see the stars,—for if it really penetrate the inner veil of cloud, it would probably carry fire and destruction with it.

In a word, the Sunites must in all probability pay for their central position by being quite ignorant of it, and of thousands of other phenomena to which the alternation of night and day, summer and winter, are absolutely essential. "A glorious privacy of light" is theirs, if glorious it be. Illumined by a

mighty spherical chandelier, rather than a sun, which they can never turn down, which roofs in their universe and roofs out the infinitude of worlds, they might, if they had any suspicion of the truth, say, with the poet:—

"Oh! who could tell such darkness lay concealed

Beneath thy beams, O Sun? Or who could find,

When fly and leaf and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?"

—nay, to more than countless worlds outside them,—for to the varieties of torrid and frigid zone, of spring-time and harvest, of morning and evening,—probably even of work and rest,—and to a large proportion of that which makes countless worlds of thought and reflection within, the same dreadful uniformity of splendor would equally blind them. Then, too, *shadow* would be as rare there as it is frequent here,—for the light always flowing equally from North, South, East, and West, it would be only at a door, window, or a cavern's mouth, where the other quarters were protected from the light, that shadow would be seen. Imagine all the intellectual fruits of such varieties struck out of our literature and history, and what would the human mind be? The sun may be a dwelling-place for beings whose inner world has begun to develop itself regularly without the stimulus of outward variety and change, but scarcely for any natures less advanced. That which knows "no variableness nor shadow of turning" must either be God or nothing,—the highest life or the most absolute nonentity. If we did live there, we should soon, perhaps, prefer being bombarded by fragments of planet rushing sunwards, even at the risk of annihilation, to the hot, changeless uniformity of such an orb. We almost wonder no one has suggested the sun as a physical locality of the place of torture. That it would make evil the root and centre of our system, would only be an additional recommendation to a very popular form of modern theology.

From The Saturday Review.
HATRED.

MENAGE SAYS, somewhere or other, that we should be careful not to hate *gratis*—that is to say, he explains, “from antipathy.” It required much acuteness and much knowledge of the world to load words so slender with such a weight of meaning. For if life is full of disappointments in love, it may be said, in another point of view, to be equally full of blunders in hatred. Fielding tells us that the great lesson in life is to learn to buy nothing too dear; and Ménage’s application of the rule is, not to sell your hatred for nothing. But although this is the humorous sense which lies on the surface of his words, they cover one of the widest and most painful tracts of human feeling. As soon as we begin to put two thoughts together, we begin to hate, no less than to love, and the whole universe of things and men seems at first to be roughly divided between our loves and hatreds. And those whose feelings run furthest in one direction are apt also to go to the other extreme. Life might almost be described as one long training of our sympathies and antipathies. We must all of us be conscious of the gradual shifting, the gradual wear and tear, the slow detritus of our early antipathies. Later life is generally much less prone to instinctive aversion. Men gradually learn not to give their hatred *gratis*. They have come to know the price of their whistle. Perhaps the temper of mind they have arrived at is less lofty, but it is more rational, and nearer the truth. And if their sentiments of hostility savor more of calculation than of romance, they are less likely to fall into the illusion of the young mouse on her entrance into life, who thought the gallant cock the most terrible of monsters, but fell straightway in love with the cat as the most angelic of beings.

In earlier days, as in their love, so ardent characters take a conscious pride in the spontaneity and exuberance of their hatred. Hatred for its own sake seems more natural than hatred for an injury. “I hate him, because I hate him,” seems more noble, just as “I hate him, because he has done me harm,” seems too sordid and mean in the eyes of generous youth. Thus the first tendency of the very young is to hate things for what they are, rather than for the way in which they affect one’s self. But it would be more accurate to say that early hatred attaches to

things for what they seem to be, rather than for what they really are. The mask imposes upon youth, and acts upon the young imagination as a scarlet cloth upon a Spanish bull. Thus the tender girl, who comes out for her first season in London, is apt to fancy that every man with a big beard and a stern countenance is a Socrates, of a stern, superhuman disposition, who lives in contemplation and the clouds. If he has hard features, she immediately concludes that he has a hard heart and a bad temper. But if his face is smooth, his brow clear, and he has a laughing blue eye, though he be a very lago of deceit and cruelty, she will endow his disposition with all the soft attributes of his countenance. Nor is she to be blamed. Are not men, to their dying day, beguiled by pretty faces and soft voices in women? Even La Rochefoucauld thought the subject worth speculating upon, and puzzled his clever brain to account for the discrepancy between the appearance and the reality. It may, indeed, be said that the instinctive aversions of childhood and youth are often more rational than they seem. The voice of nature is never to be despised. And probably the instinct of youth is co-extensive with its wants. Nor does it follow, because in later life we have learned to love and appreciate a character which repelled us as children, that such a character ought, when we were younger, to have suited us. A child is not expected to sympathize with hoary statesmanship and learning hidden behind the mask of rugged visage and uncouth form. Still, on the whole, the balance of experience is that our early aversions are too often misplaced, and that, as we grow older and wiser and more worldly—as our intellectual and moral wants become more manifold and intricate—so the early milk of purely external good-nature, which is the child’s ideal, ceases to satisfy us, and we learn to sympathize with and see the use and excellence of many characters and many views some of which were in the highest degree repulsive to us. Nor can anything be objected to this, for, after all, the process only brings us nearer to that Power which looks intelligently and benignly on the infinitude of things and men.

It may be doubted whether many people speculate upon the nature of hatred in general, or examine very carefully into the nature of their own hatreds in particular. Like

fire, hatred, however it may burn, is an awkward thing to handle. And we seem more busy, when we are once ablaze, to find excuses for being on fire, and for letting the fire burn out, than anxious to put a stop to it, or to understand its exact bearings. Hatred and love are, it is true, at the opposite poles to one another. But it does not seem that either indifference or friendship lies on the line between the two. Indifference and friendship do not strictly belong to early youth. They are later and artificial developments. A child loves or hates, likes or dislikes. A child is rarely indifferent, and can scarcely understand friendship—which is a limited, defined, and, as it were, constitutional form of attachment, with its tacit customs, rules, and laws, essentially distinct from the “all or nothing” of love, but, on the other hand, requiring far more delicate management. There is, indeed, friendship and friendship; and we may pass from indifference to some kinds of friendship, and from friendship to indifference, more easily than from either to hatred or love. But it is easier for hatred to pass into love, or for love to pass into hatred, than for either to pass into real indifference. Where real love or hatred has ever fairly entered, a flutter of attention commonly outlives its departure, which shows that true indifference will never more be possible. Perhaps a touch of indifference is the safest foundation on which to build a lasting and delicate friendship. Nothing on the direct line of passion which runs between love and hatred is ever quite safe. And a touch of ice lends charms to the warmest feelings and the most loyal attachments, which none but very highly organized minds can appreciate. The worst that can happen to a friendship which has arisen out of indifference is to return to indifference. But passionate love is never secure from sudden gusts of hatred, as it is never certain that hatred may not pass into ardent love. It is, indeed, true that, from indifference, men and women are often known to pass into love, through friendship. But such love will generally be a feeble love, a weakling passion. A love like this is too feeble to travel into hatred, and gradually falls back into indifference. La Bruyère says that the most difficult form of love to cure is love at first sight. And so hatred at first sight ought also to last the longest. Possibly it does. Be this as it may, as a rule, it will

be admitted that, except in peculiar cases, hatred gradually disappears with increased familiarity—and a great consolation this is. On the one hand, we make more allowance for defects which we can understand, and for consequences which we can calculate and guard against. On the other, a more intimate acquaintance corrects many errors, and dispels many illusions into which people are apt to fall regarding those whom they do not know.

There are, however, certain characters, and those not by any means the worst, to whom the indulgence of a good hot hatred is as refreshing and delightful—we should rather say, delicious—as the luxury of love is to others. And this is intelligible. Love and hatred being on the same line of passionate emotion, the only difference with them is, that the habitual emotion which constitutes their life lies nearer to the pole of hatred. One might almost say, but for the fear of a paradox, that hatred is, in fact, the form love takes in them. It is their form of passionate care and attention. Instead of the slow and agonizing simmer of love, theirs is the slow, and to them delicious, simmer of hatred. Nor is this state of things without analogy among the lower animals. The male spider so loves the female that he puts her to death and eats her if she does not run away. This, however, she takes very great pains to do, though she does not always succeed in doing it, and then she pays the penalty of having inspired that form of love which is hatred. So among men, who among them all embody the perfect circle and encyclopædia of sublunary sentiment, there are those to whom a good hatred is naturally congenial. It is a perpetual source of life, and a filip to the full sense of overflowing existence. Love, even the most passionate love, is probably not to be compared for intensity of sensation with a full-blown hatred. It is, in fact, in the nature of a sweet emotion, though the fruit be bitter. So, in nature, the most poisonous plants may bear lovely blossoms to the sun, and their fruit may have a certain beauty to the eye. And these plants have a growth and an enjoyment, so far as life is an enjoyment, of their own. And as poison is the life of these plants, hatred is the life of certain natures. They regard a state of hatred as veterans regard the state of war—namely, as a glorious and noble, and not unlovely,

condition, to which death may indeed be incidental, but only under more chivalrous rules. Those who hate in this manner are not unfrequently otherwise of a very noble and lofty disposition, filled with the most magnificent sentiments. Such persons are apt to be even more jealous than the most loyal friend can be, towards those whom they hate, of all the recognized formularies, of all the courtesies and amenities of warfare. Many a shortcoming which a friend would innocently permit himself to fall into towards another friend, they would be inconsolable if they were guilty of towards the tenderly cherished object of their tenderly cherished aversion. It would almost seem as if this form of hatred were in the nature of the intensest occupation vouchsafed to mankind.

We have said that the instinctive hatreds of youth grow fewer in number with increasing years. It may be questioned, however, whether intercourse with the world, and the habits of mind engendered by active pursuits, do not expose men to other fits, equally blind, sudden and uncontrollable, of hatred, arising out of sudden misconception, imagined slights, fancied insults, and hypothetical wrongs. A novelist may come to the irresistible conclusion that such and such a journalist, and no other, must certainly be the man who wrote that horrid article upon his or her pet novel. Or a politician may be quite sure that such a writer, and no other, made that offensive remark about him in a leading article. One of the most curious parts of a journalist's experience who happens to be behind the scenes is to observe how many persons feel quite sure, first, that particular articles are written by particular men; and, next, that such and such passages were especially aimed at them. It is needless to add how, almost universally, they are at fault. Again, how frequently does it happen that a look, a word, an up-lifted eyebrow, the twinkle of an eye, an imperceptible smile, a cut in the street, a yawn, a joke, a tone of voice, an infinitesimal slight, perfectly accidental and unintentional, probably unconscious—or if not unconscious, without any reference to present circumstances, or if with any such reference, of the most casual kind, and forgotten the next moment—how often do trifles such as these lay the founda-

tion of deep and lasting enmities towards persons wholly innocent of such terrible consequences! Hatreds like these may and do arise out of what may fairly be called nothing. They may also have a solid foundation in substantial and irreparable but unintentional injury, and even then the person who has committed it may be wholly unaware of the sentiments entertained towards him or her. The discovery of unexpected hatred is one of the most painful experiences in life—so painful that it is not to be wondered at if Englishmen, perhaps the most sensitive of human beings, become in the long run so guarded, reserved, and fenced about in formalities.

If it is melancholy to look back upon the long desert of feeling and waste of life implied in misplaced and bootless affections lavished upon objects worthless or unattainable, there is not unfrequently some compensation in the softening and elevating influence of the feelings themselves. But there can be little compensation for the poignant regrets with which men must look back upon the corroding effects of inveterate hatreds, if at any time they discover that in reality they have been blind victims of a wretched hallucination, and that, had they but known it, the objects of their ignorant aversion were actually most worthy and deserving of their love. But, even without such a discovery, the time will usually come when a reflecting mind, in calmer moments, considers the nothingness of the object in comparison with the immensity of the emotion. Perhaps, indeed, the particular hatred may have become a habit and a necessity. But the object of it has dwindled into nothing, the body lies shrivelled up within the hardened shell, beyond the power of remaining years to resuscitate or soften it. Those who are subject to this form of hatred make no display of it. They are only conscious of a petrification, lying somewhere in the heart of their being, inert, innoxious, but hard, round which the daily ripple of their sensibilities oscillates and plays without response, as the tide frets round the basement of the unconscious cliff. These are not, perhaps, the commonest cases, but to describe all the varieties of hatred would be to pass half the morbid anatomy of the human mind in review.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SERVITUDE FOR LIFE (A BRIEF DIALOGUE).

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

[Most of the readers of Mr. Carlyle's little article in our last have been astounded that the question between the North and the South should have been stated as it was there stated—that Slavery should have been described by any one simply as “a hiring for life.” As Mr. Carlyle must have had all the grounds of this astonishment (even those which our respected contributor now brings forward) familiarly in his mind when he used his phrases, it must be supposed that he had somehow convinced himself of their substantial fitness nevertheless. Perhaps he had not Slavery only in view, but the whole visible difference of dispositions between South and North, as extending to their modes of providing themselves with *all* kinds of service—that of politicians and leading men included. But, doubtless, Slavery was mainly in his thoughts.—*Editor.*]

Frederick Maximus. Harkee here, Dan, you black nigger rascal. You're no longer a slave, you're a servant hired for life.

T. C. Niger. By golly! Wife and chil'n servants for life too, massa?

F. M. Yes, all you niggers. But you must work all the same, you know.

T. C. N. Iss, massa. What wages you gib?

F. M. Wages, you rascal? Quart of corn a day and three shirts and pantaloons a year, for legal hours of work; fourteen hours a day for half the year, and fifteen the other half.*

T. C. N. Any priv'leges, massa?

F. M. Privileges? Ha! ha! Yes, priv'leges of John Driver's whip, or of such other

* Laws of South Carolina.

punishment as I choose to inflict, and of not being believed on oath if you go and peach against me, and of being sold down South when I please, and of being converted by any parson whom I choose to allow.

T. C. N. Hm. Wife and chil'n my own dis time, massa?

F. M. Ha! ha! ha! Yes—till I or Mr. Overseer want them. But you have the privilege of taking another wife as often as I allow it, and of having as many children as it pays me to bring up.

T. C. N. Beg pardon, massa, but what for you call me servant hired for life?

F. M. What for, you rascal? Because a great man, after whom I named you, when he had written a d—d good book on the “nigger question,” says that is all the difference between you and those mean white-livered Yankee working men, who are hired by the month on the day.

T. C. N. Massa, if him book good book, why's I not priv'leged to learn read it?

F. M. Read, you infernal scoundrel! Why, if any one were to help you to learn, the law gives him fine and imprisonment or lashes,* and what do you suppose you'd get? So off with you. . . . Stay—how old is that yellow nigger, your wife's daughter?

T. C. N. Born three weeks 'fore Miss Susy, massa.

F. M. She'll fetch a right smart price at Mobile, now that New Orleans . . .

T. C. N. (Aside, while going away.) Dey say de Yankces aint bery long way. Wish dey was heeah. Wish dey'd gib me a ride 'fore I dies.

* Laws of South Carolina.

A PASSAGE in the speech with which the Minister of Public Instruction—Duruy—accompanied the distribution of prizes in the Sorbonne this year is so characteristic that we shall quote it in full. After having made the announcement that henceforth Modern History up to the present day was to form part of the instruction, the minister continued: “Our pupils are well acquainted with the history of Sparta, Athens, Rome, and the Middle Ages. But they do not know the state of that modern society of which they are active members. Through their studies they are the contemporaries of Pericles, Augustus, and Louis XIV., but not of Napoleon III. Hence so much ignorance of things in the midst of which they are to live—so much error, deception—so many people who belong neither to their time nor to their country. We have a classical education,

and this is well; but we have no national education, and this is bad. The emperor wishes this to be altered. A happy fate has granted to me, that I stand in near relation to the one upon whom the wishes of the world are directed, and who of all princes loves your studies best and knows most of them. Believe that from a man who has never yet flattered any one. You are the France of the future, and you may bear high your heads and your hope: for he who holds the destiny of our country in his mighty hands has a great heart and a noble understanding. The really most liberal man of the empire is the emperor.” It must not be omitted at the same time that, in the further course of his speech, the Minister called France “*The Moral Centre of the World.*”—*Reader.*

From The Reader.

A BOOK FOR THE BEACH.

A Book for the Beach. By Blanchard Jerrold. Two Volumes. Skeet.

WE heard some time since of a bazaar, held in the north of Scotland, with the laudable motive of regenerating the Gael, the success of which was most apparent in the instance of one stall furnished from the penny-toy department of the German Fair in Regent Street, London. These penny trinkets sold at about two thousand per cent. profit; and it is to be hoped that the poor Gael appreciated properly the sacrifice of conscience made on his behalf by the fair ones of the north. But, setting aside our severer convictions on the subject of bazaars and of Gaels, we think there was a modicum of justice when the penny toys were insinuated into the pockets of easy Scotch folk and half-crowns taken in their stead. Were not London penny trinkets worth half a crown in the far north? Indeed, it was worth half a crown to us to picture the noble savage grinning with infinite delight, and the wild eyes of the bairns, as the gudewife revealed the newly acquired treasure from beneath her warm tartan shawl. Let it be granted, then, that goods should be valued with reference to the part of the country in which they are meant to be sold, and to the class of persons who are meant to buy them, and "A Book for the Beach" is a good book. It consists of a collection of divers papers, with titles such as the following: "My Alias," "Concerning Cravats," "Eccentric Mac," "The Work-a-Day World of France," "The Story of a Hero, related by his Valet," "The Modern a'Becket," etc. It would be a better book than many anywhere; but, to secure justice to its merits, it should be read and criticised on the seashore, where we have been listening, in the intervals of reading, to the moan and the drone of the waves.

It is a phenomenon we have often remarked—and we will note it here for the benefit of moral philosophers—that, at these seasons of temporary retirement from the world, certain portions of history and biography are apt to turn up again and again for study and research. We know a young lady who goes to the seaside every year, and every year reads Boswell's "Life of Johnson," each time contracting a renewed passion for the

burly doctor. Marie Antoinette is another favorite seaside subject; Napoleon Buonaparte a third, especially as set forth by the wife of General Junot in her amusing memoirs. The trite reigns by the seaside. Nobody wants to learn anything new between July and September; nevertheless, such is the force of habit that even the after-dinner doze is not perfect without its accompanying volume. One reads the preface, if it exist (it is a pity prefaces are out of fashion), and perhaps half through the "Contents"—the rest is a dream! but it is important what that dream shall be; and, as this depends more or less on the matter perused, prefaces and "contents" relating to murders, burglaries, and witchcraft are dreary and therefore objectionable—to love-episodes, better, but too exciting. After all nothing is so good as Dr. Johnson in Fleet Street, or Napoleon at St. Helena.

We should have been glad if Mr. Jerrold had given us Dr. Johnson over again; but his "Story of a Hero, related by his Valet," is sure to be a general favorite. The hero is Napoleon I.; the valet is Santini, of whom Mr. Jerrold writes thus:—

"Jean Noel Santini was of humble parentage, and was born in a poor little hamlet in the arrondissement of Bastia in Corsica, in the year 1790. Having no example before him in childhood but that of the rough and bold mountaineers of his country, and the triumphal songs of the Grand Army—the echoes of which reached the thatched roof of his parents—being his only lullaby—Santini was proud, like every son of Corsica, to be the countryman of the conqueror of Italy—of the hero whose name filled the world. He thought of nothing save battles and Buonaparte; and, instead of waiting till he had attained the age required by law to draw for the conscription, the enthusiastic lad was admitted in 1804 as drummer to a battalion of Corsican sharpshooters, then in garrison at Antibes. The boy's golden dream—his daily hope—was to see Napoleon; to hear the cannon roar, and balls whistle—but to see Napoleon above all. The hope was soon to be realized. The command of the battalion had lately passed into the hands of the Count d'Ornano, and the sharpshooters were now ordered to assemble under the standard of the First Consul at Ambre-teuse. Santini was happy, his ambition was achieved: his dream became reality."

After following his beloved master through many campaigns, he arrived with him at

Fontainebleau, "to behold the fall of the empire, and the disgrace of the worst senate that ever sat at the head of a great nation." From Fontainebleau to Elba, from Elba back to France, Santini accompanied the emperor; then through all the anxieties of the intervening period until that scene so familiar to the imaginations of Frenchmen was enacting itself—Napoleon alone at sunset on the seashore of St. Helena. Santini was a faithful servant; he resisted the attempts of Sir Hudson Lowe's people to convert him into a spy, and did not object to steal the property of the English to add to the comforts of his master. The following is a description of what that St. Helena life must have been:—

"Time passed on, but brought no change to the exiles of St. Helena. Santini still continued his thefts of wild sheep and sucking pigs, but for which the emperor would have been often dinnerless. The clothes and shoes of Napoleon, too, were no longer wearable—in fact, his wardrobe was in such a dilapidated condition that Santini, who was not a bit better tailor than he was hairdresser, was obliged to cut up an old gray redingote of his master's, in order to make it into a coat. In the same way, he turned an old pair of boots into a pair of shoes, lining them with some pieces of white satin given him for the purpose by Madame Bertrand. There is also a hat, now in the possession of Count Marchand which was trimmed by Santini with satin coming from the same source. This sort of life became insupportable; and the emperor was at last compelled to part with all his silver plate, which was broken up by Santini in the presence of General Montholon, and was then sold at James Town. 'I will not have my eagles sent to market, mountaineer,' said the emperor to Santini; 'destroy my cipher completely, break everything into the smallest fragments, so that the noble emblems of the French Empire may not become objects of traffic to our enemies.'"

Santini was now determined to make the hardships of the captive emperor known to the whole world; and, when the imperial suite established their dependence by signing the declaration of restrictions of Sir Hudson Lowe, Santini and one other were the only exceptions:—

"It was great matter for surprise with all who knew Santini that he was one of the two exceptions; and every motive but the right one was assigned for his quitting a master he loved so dearly. The fact was

that the faithful Corsican had found a way of making his departure from the island more useful to the emperor than his stay in it would have been. His intentions will be best explained by the following conversation. Alone with Napoleon, Santini said to him, 'Sire, does your majesty doubt of my devotion?' 'No; but why this preamble?' 'Is your majesty quite convinced that I would give the last drop of my blood to be of service to you?' 'Yes, yes,' said Napoleon, impatiently; 'go on.' 'It was necessary to me to receive this assurance from your own mouth, sire, before explaining myself.' 'Well, I know you to be a most faithful servant: now go on.' 'Sire, I do not intend to sign the declaration of Sir Hudson Lowe.' 'Why not?' asked the emperor, his eyes flashing fire. 'I must leave you, sire.' 'So you would abandon me, mountaineer!' cried the emperor, sadly, 'oh, men, men!' 'Sire, I have resolved to leave you. but only that I may serve you the better. Of what use to you am I here? whereas in Europe, humble as I am, in making use of your name, and still fresh from your service, I can first of all awaken public curiosity, and then turn it to the profit of your majesty. I shall relate everything that has passed here; I will have the account of your daily torture on this miserable rock published in the English newspapers; and, when this is known, surely the indignation of the world will fall on the English Government, who, by this means, will be compelled to render justice to your majesty.' Santini evinced such animation while unfolding his project that the emperor was much impressed; he reflected for some time, and then said, pulling Santini's ear, 'Well, mountaineer, your project pleases me; but have you well considered the task you wish to undertake? Will it not be too much for you? Will you be capable of accomplishing it?' 'With God's help, yes, sire.'"

Two others of the suite in the end were added to the two about to take leave, thus further thinning the small band of followers in attendance on the emperor:—

"The hour of departure had come, and the vessel bound for the Cape was ready to set sail. Napoleon sent for the faithful servants who were about to leave him, most likely forever; and, after a sad and touching farewell, after telling them to cherish his memory, and to love their country, he gave to each a written title to a pension for life, to be paid by the different members of his family. They then left him; but he signed to Santini to remain, and, when they were alone, said, 'Well, are you still in the same

mind?" "More than ever, your majesty; am I not going?" "Do not compromise yourself, or you will be lost: be prudent, or you will not succeed." "I shall remember that I have to save your majesty from the claws of a tiger: I will be prudent." "Very well." And the emperor called to the Count Las Cases and his son Emanuel, who were occupied in the cabinet adjoining, "Have you finished that transcription?" "Yes, sire," answered Emanuel Las Cases; and he delivered to Napoleon the fragments of satin on which he had copied the protest in microscopic characters with Indian ink. Santini received it from the emperor's hands, and with it the last farewell of his master—that adored master by whose side he never stood again until five and twenty years afterwards, when the dead hero was brought to France, to find a shelter under the gilded dome of the Invalides!"

Santini bravely pursued the object he had in view; and, when in London, did succeed, through the active intervention of Lord Holland, in bringing Sir Hudson Lowe's treatment of his prisoner before the notice of Parliament and of the public:—

"The last occasion on which the cause of the emperor was pleaded before the House of Commons was on the 15th of March. The sitting was a stormy one, but it witnessed the complete triumph of the noble defender of Napoleon. A Commission, formed of men of mixed opinions, was despatched to St. Helena, with orders to inquire rigorously into the condition of the prisoner. They had full power to act, and they did what they could; but they could neither change the climate of the island, nor its governor. Death, too, was marching with giant strides towards Napoleon. Still some good was done, and the emperor was fully sensible of it. On receiving the pamphlet and news-

papers, in which his protest had been published, he cried out, joyously, 'Ah! I told you all along that my mountaineer would succeed!'"

The mountaineer, however, never saw his master again. He was arrested at Milan, and retained as a prisoner there, and afterwards, in Vienna, till the death of the great exile set him free. The Revolution of July, 1830 brought the faithful fellow some luck, for he became door-keeper to the Cabinet of Louis Philippe, and afterwards held an appointment in the Post-office. But a more appropriate post was in store for him in the end of his days. He had seen the remains of his great master brought in triumph to Paris; but he saw more than that—the Bonaparte dynasty revived and re-established. Louis Napoleon, even while yet only President of the Republic, took every opportunity of seeking out and rewarding the survivors of those who had been faithful to his uncle: and, a guardian being required for the emperor's tomb, Santini was appointed to the office, and made chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Year after year he performed his duty of watching by the splendid tomb; and not many months since he died at his post.

There is graver writing in the essay, called "The Work-a-day World of France." Mr. Jerrold's knowledge of French institutions renders this portion of his book instructive as well as amusing. Of the shorter essays, perhaps the best is "Eccentric Mac;" while some of the others, as Mr. Jerrold himself professes, have no higher aim than to amuse the juvenile portions of the seaside family-parties.

HERE is an advertisement which appeared in last week's *English Churchman*, and which shows how cheap clergymen who cannot write their own sermons may buy ready-made ones in these days. We give all save the name and address of the sermon-seller: "*Original Plain Practical Sermons*: The circulation of this Lithographic Periodical is exclusively confined to the clergy. Terms to subscribers: A Quarter's Sermons—viz., Thirteen Sermons—13s. 6d.; other Sermons charged for according to the subject. No second copy of a Sermon will be sent

within reach of another Subscriber. For further particulars apply by letter, giving name and address, which will be received in confidence, to —, Bloomsbury, London." A shilling apiece seems cheap, indeed, for sermons. But what is meant by "other sermons charged according to subject?" Are there guinea-subjects and two guinea subjects in theology, according to toughness? And then, oh! the horror, if by any means several copies of the *Lithographic Periodical* were to get into the same district or parish!

—Reader

From The Examiner.

LORD CLYDE.

In an admirable notice the *Times* observes of Lord Clyde, that he was "a remarkable instance of the way in which sterling qualities of head and heart may win their way even in the ranks of the British army." He began the world with nothing, and ended it with everything that a soldier could desire—fame, rank, fortune. But for half a century he had to fight the battle of life with many vicissitudes, and not without passages of hard discouragement. His fortunes had three great stages—India, and the Sikh war, in which he signally distinguished himself; the Crimean war; and the suppression of the Sepoy mutiny. With the exception of the last, these were all ascending steps, upon which he had to pause, and feel the sting of neglect. He knew what he was fit for, and the army and the public knew what he was fit for; but an officer with not a tithe of his merit was preferred to the command in the Crimea. Peace brought Sir Colin Campbell home little pleased with the dispensations of the Horse Guards. The public, however, indemnified him for the injustice of which he had to complain, and the Commander of the Highland Brigade, the thin red line at Balaklava, was the popular favorite. His picture was in every print-shop window; his biography, far less truthful, in every journal. The Indian mutiny broke out, and it was a difficulty not to be trifled with. An empire was at stake, and it would have been treason to have chosen any but the best man to conduct the war against the mutineers. There was, indeed, on this occasion no scope for the partialities, for this simple reason, that a command of so much risk, difficulty, and responsibility was little coveted. The offer was made to Sir Colin Campbell, and promptly accepted. He was asked what time he would require to settle his affairs and make his preparations. He answered drily, that he had no affairs to settle, no preparations to make, and that in twenty-four hours he should be ready to start. How he succeeded in his work is matter of history. It was like a well-played game of chess, with not a move thrown away. There was no precipitation, on the contrary, the most consummate caution, but the movements were all going on in close combination to one aim. The whole was so steadily and surely conducted, that the result came as in

certain order of things, and without éclat. The service was perhaps the greatest ever rendered, not only as it retained the Indian Empire, but as it restored the military prestige of England, which had waned in the Crimean disasters. The world saw with equal astonishment and admiration what could be done by a small army of Englishmen under skilful command, at odds of one to ten, or more. Campbell came home to enjoy his well-earned honors, and repose; but upon the *Trent* affair, when war seemed probable, and anxiety was felt about Canada, every eye was turned to Lord Clyde. He was ready, if wanted. He had no wish for more work, but duty was paramount to all personal considerations. He named, however, officers he thought as fit, or, in his modesty, fitter than himself, age taken into account. Not that he seemed old at that time, nor within a few weeks of his illness, and from his neat, compact build, good constitution, and abstemious habits, a long, green old age might have been expected. His unflinching cheerfulness seemed also both sign and consequence of a good substratum of constitution.

We do not expect Lord Clyde to be classed with the men of extraordinary military genius, but he knew his business well, and had always remarkable self-possession and calm command of all resources. But yet he was not a man of routine, not one unreasoningly to follow precedent. For instance, at Balaklava, when threatened with a charge of Russian cavalry, he kept his brigade in line, and declared he never contemplated forming a square, which he thought a bad manoeuvre. All he intended, if charged, was to throw back the two flank companies, *en potence*, as the French phrase it, or inclining to that position.

Good sense and simplicity were the characteristics of Lord Clyde. There was no fold in him, nor anything artificial. It was easy to see in him that he could be strongly moved, and that under habitual placidity was a temper which, provoked, would show itself very stormily to an offender; but his usual carriage was all gentleness, and never was a disposition more genial. His modesty was a charm, yet sometimes the distress it gave him bordered on the ludicrous. He honestly liked the consciousness that he had earned honors and popularity, that he had done the state service, and they knew it, but was extremely

uneasy under any sort of glorification. / Lionization was torment to him, and his delight at escape from the hunters was most enviable. To do had been the business of his life, and the man of action was out of his element when called upon to be the man of speech, or to sit attentive to his own applause. Though against the grain, he could, however, always acquit himself suitably upon public occasions, and indeed a more finished gentleman of the soldierly caste could not be imagined. Like Scott's Marmion,—

"In courts, no carpet-knight more trim,
In camps a leader sage."

No one meeting him without knowing him would ever have divined him to be a great man, but a kind and good one would have been revealed to the least observant. He could hardly be said to bear his faculties meekly, so thoroughly did he put by self as not interesting him, much as it might interest others. His friendships were very warm, and the feeling his genial nature inspired, even upon short acquaintance, was one of affection, for he wore his heart upon his sleeve. We cannot conclude better than by copying from the *Times* a passage of beautiful truth and wisdom, reminding us indeed of the *Agricola* of Tacitus, but not in any borrowed spirit.

"Such a life, so simple, so true, so independent of artificial land even of all extraordinary advantages, is more honorable than more brilliant and less steady careers, and has a far higher value to Englishmen. This country has never been wanting in men of great genius at critical periods of its history, and our great names may match with those of any country and any time; but *our greatness as a nation is due more to the steady ability and true integrity which are spread so largely among all classes than to the power of extraordinary and occasional genius.* The qualities which in a superior degree raised Lord Clyde to his high position are those which have been always most highly valued by Englishmen, and *which every one in his degree may imitate.* He has been taken away too soon for his own honor and for our good, but he has lived long enough to illustrate a noble principle, and to give an example of duty, truth, and modest worth, which Englishmen will not willingly forget. His memory will long be dear to the hearts of his friends, and when those who knew him have themselves passed away it will be cherished in the grateful and affectionate heart of his country."

THE STORY OF LORD CLYDE'S CAREER.

LORD CLYDE died at Chatham on the 14th of this month, England's foremost soldier. Colin Campbell was born in 1792, and, had he lived till the 20th of October, would have completed his seventy-first year. His parents were both natives of the island of Islay, and his birth in Glasgow, with which place they had no connection then, was accidental. By his mother's side he was descended from a common ancestor of the present Earls of Cawdor, Sir James Campbell of Calder, a nephew of the then Earls of Argyle, to whom the Crown had granted the island of Islay, on its forfeiture by the turbulent Macdonalds. His father was of humbler origin, but worthy of all respect for a blameless and pious life, prolonged to the great age of ninety-two.

The future Peer and Field-Marshal received the first rudiments of education at Glasgow, but at ten years of age was brought to England by his maternal uncle, the late Colonel John Campbell, who in due time placed him in an academy at Gosport, and obtained for him an ensign's commission in a marching regiment. With the exception of that uncle—himself a man of small influence—he never had a patron; and of Colin Campbell, if of any man, it may be truly said that he was the sole builder of his own fortune. For fifty-six years Lord Clyde served his country, faithfully and well, in every climate of its wide domain. Before he had yet completed his sixteenth year he had fought at Vimiera,—had been with the advance and retreat of Sir John Moore, and served and suffered at Waleheren. In 1811 he was present in the battle of Barossa, and next year at the sieges and defence of Tariffa and Tarragona. In 1813 he was present at the crowning battle of Vittoria. Sir Thomas Graham, the future Lord Lynedoch, had marked Lieutenant Campbell at Barossa as an intrepid and skilful officer, and had proffered his services for his advancement, should an opportunity present itself. Colin Campbell thought the opportunity had come when the breach of St. Sebastian was to be stormed; he volunteered his services to lead a column, and they were accepted. The column consisted of picked men from the Light Infantry companies of the army. Our greatest military historian thus describes the young lieutenant's conduct at the critical moment. "It was in vain that Lieutenant Campbell, breaking through

the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of his chosen detachment, mounted the ruins; twice he assaulted; twice he was wounded, and all around him dead." Out of the leading section of twenty-one, with a single exception, every man was killed or wounded. For this gallant deed he received the honorary rank of brevet captain, but no further promotion for twelve years.

In 1814 a portion of the army of Spain proceeded to America, where Captain Campbell was present at the capture of Washington and the defeat of New Orleans. From America he proceeded to the West Indies, and there served for seven years, always within six degrees of the equator. He did not obtain his majority until 1825, nor his lieutenant-colonelcy until 1832, when he had served twenty-four years, and was forty years of age. Every step was by purchase with borrowed money, every farthing of which he had the happiness to live and repay. In 1842 Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell proceeded to China, and was present during the whole of our first war with the Empire. From China he went to India, and in both those countries served for the long period of thirteen years, in India he was present in the battles of Ramnuggur, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat, in the second of which, the hardest fought, his brigade took the most distinguished part. In 1851 and 1852 he commanded a force against the frontier border tribes, men as warlike, turbulent, and predatory, as those highland Catterans who may, perchance, have counted among their numbers his own distant forefathers. He repelled, subdued, and pacified these robbers, who had been troublesome to Alexander and defied Timur.

In 1854 he went to the Crimea, in command first of a brigade and ultimately of a division. At the Alma his brigade suffered the least and did the most in that bravely fought but disorderly and sanguinary battle. Of the repulse of the Russian cavalry charge at Balaklava he made little account; it was, according to his own statement, a mere feint at a charge. After the repulse of the attack on the Redan, he was appointed to command a second assault on the day following, but the retreat of the Russians made it unnecessary. Asked if he thought he would have taken the Redan, his reply was, "Certainly, if not knocked over." "But in such cases," he added, "you must not only order the column

to advance to the assault, but you must head them in person, and they will surely follow."

On the death of Lord Raglan, an untried general was sent from home to succeed him, and he retiring, the chief command was given to an officer brought up in the "Guards," who had never seen a shot fired in earnest, who was yet in the nursery when the man he superseded entered the army, and whose first commission dates eight years after Lieutenant Campbell had led his forlorn hope up the breach of St. Sebastian. The supersession was even aggravated by an order to repair to Malta to drill recruits for the Crimean army. This was more than the hero of a hundred battles and of eight and forty years' service could bear, and he asked and obtained leave to return home.

Shortly after, the mutiny of the Sepoy army, and, in a word, the great Indian rebellion broke out. There was real danger, and the Indian commander-in-chief was dead. It was not a time for holiday generals, and the public voice called for the employment of Colin Campbell. The Government listened to it, and among the foremost to mark the right man was the present commander-in-chief, who from the first moment of his acquaintance with Campbell had a just appreciation of his merits. In four and twenty hours after his appointment the hardy veteran of sixty-six started to quell the Indian rebellion, and in less than two years' time his task was accomplished, while he greatly contributed to that revolution and reform of our institutions which for a long time will assure the stability of our Indian dominions.

In his Indian campaign the man of impulse and of quick decision in the presence of the enemy was charged with over-cautious strategy. This simply signifies that with rebellion spread over a vast field he acted with deliberation and wisdom, and ever made sure before he struck. The complete answer to the charge is that he succeeded in all his operations, and never lost a detachment or a post. He had to direct the manoeuvres of three different armies, besides minor detachments, and he succeeded everywhere. The relief of the garrison of Lucknow, which neither Havelock nor Outram had the power to accomplish, was the action which seems to have given himself most satisfaction; and we may judge of the impression which it made on him from the fact that in the occasional

deliriums of his last illness he was frequently heard to mutter, "See that the women and children are safe." It was in action that he showed to most advantage. The sound of the first cannon calmed him down, and in the battle his presence of mind was admirable. His *coup d'œil* was perfect; he quickly saw the weak point of his enemy, and struck home. He knew the common soldier thoroughly,—was careful about his health, his wants, and his comforts; he was a strict disciplinarian, but very far removed from being the pestilent coxcomb called a martinet. The soldiers would have followed anywhere—in assaulting the Redan, had he led them on, as they did in assaulting the breach of St. Sebastian. Even as commander-in-chief he could not always curb his natural impetuosity, for when a breach or rather a hole was made in the wall of one of the fortified gardens of Lucknow by Peel and his sailors, Sir Colin Campbell was one of the first who entered it. He was, indeed, a true soldier, and his Indian commander, Sir Charles Napier, justly and graphically described him when he called him "war-born Colin Campbell."

Whether he had abilities equal to the command of a great army is what cannot be proved, since he never commanded one, for the Indian army under him never exceeded 30,000 men. Talent, indeed, equal to the manœuvring of a great army in the presence of an equal enemy must be as rare as the genius of a great poet or a great painter, for the Duke of Wellington is said to have given it as his opinion that among Napoleon's famed marshals there was but one, Massena, equal to the undertaking. Lord Clyde used to say that he knew but two of his contemporaries who reached the standard, and these were Sir Charles Napier and Sir Benjamin D'Urban. Among Indian generals he had but three equals, Clive, Coote, and Ochterlony, and but one superior, Wellington.

In private life the manners of Lord Clyde were simple and unostentatious,—respectful

but independent with his superiors, and cordial and conciliating with his equals and inferiors. No man was ever less changed by elevation, for the manners and demeanor of the field-marshal and peer differed in no respect from those of the subaltern and brevet captain. His friendships were warm and enduring, and his enmities, few in number, bore something of the same character. Towards all women, Lord Clyde's demeanor was chivalrously respectful and he was a great favorite.

When, full of indignation for his supersession in the Crimea, he refused all entreaty of the Secretary of State and even of the commander-in-chief to return, he yielded at once when bidden by the queen. His answer was, "If your majesty desires me to shoulder a musket, I will obey." He would not have used these words to a male sovereign.

In person Lord Clyde was of middle stature—of a light well-knit frame, capable of sustaining great fatigue, and he might have lived many years but for the insidious local malady that undermined his otherwise vigorous constitution. That malady was what is technically called *angina pectoris*, with very great enlargement of the heart, the most distressing and the fatal symptom in his case being congestion of the lungs. Lord Clyde will not die rich, although he received Indian pay for sixteen years, three of them as commander-in-chief at £10,000 a year. The emoluments of his regiments, and his pension of £2,000 a year on the Indian revenue, expire with himself. His sole heir is an only sister, his junior by two years, an amiable and accomplished woman, of pre-eminent good sense.

So ended the life of the boy who began life without friends, but in the course of it made many, and who by force of native talent, by devotion to his profession, honor and probity, became a peer and a field-marshal, and whose remains, by the desire of Government, rightly interpreting the feeling of the nation, will be deposited to-day in Westminster Abbey.

From The Saturday Review.
RESERVE.

RESERVE, as denoting a characteristic, is, comparatively speaking, a new word. Old writers now and then call a man reserved, coupling the idea with policy or constitutional melancholy; but the word reserve, as meaning an innate quality of a healthy mind, we do not meet with. In fact, there was not, in other days, the occasion for it which we find among ourselves. Reserve was not a national quality, as it is supposed to be now, and if people wanted to attribute something of the kind to their acquaintance, they commonly expressed their meaning by harsher term—sour perhaps, morose, sullen, proud, lofty, taciturn, or dissembling. Or the objectionable trait was summarily set down to "humours," and a thickness of the blood. That a man should lead a shut-up life—should deliberately conceal the best part of himself, his more intimate and individual sentiments, from the society of which he forms a part—and that this habit of his should affect others with admiration, and with a raised and excited expectation, does not accord with the way of thinking of those less fastidious times when wits talked their very best in coffee-houses or other public resorts and were very willing to let who would hear them. There was little of what we understand by reserve in days when probably every one's arena for bringing out what was in him was found in mixed companies or casual intercourse, not in the close feminine domestic circle of modern refinement, nor in the habitual exclusive intercourse of one or two chosen intimates who can be relied upon for understanding every turn of thought and shade of feeling.

Whatever our fathers did, it is a word that we, at least, could ill spare—"reserve" accounts for and explains so many things. And yet what that reserve is which is not pride, nor sullenness, nor shyness, nor dulness, nor melancholy, nor affectation, but a thing altogether apart from all these, is not so easy to define. The first social example of the quality that occurs to us is the poet Gray, and it is amusing to see how the old rough frankness bristled and clashed against the new exclusive element. It is very little to Johnson's credit that he did not admire Gray's poetry, but Johnson was a conservative, and Gray was in all things a precursor and innovator.

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Thus, he started the popular love of the picturesque, and is the first solitary tourist on record. He wrote poetry that men vowed they could not understand, just as old-fashioned folks do now by *In Memoriam*. He set up and acted on a new theory of social and literary independence; and he was reserved—reserved in the new heroic way. That is, he had a vast number of contempts and antipathies, and some warm friendships; he mistrusted mankind, but where he gave his confidence it was unlimited; he loved but one woman, and she was his mother, but this love was pathetic and exemplary; and, finally, he shut himself up, and eschewed general society. This was not the character to suit Johnson's Old-World practice or principles, and he summarily disposed of it after his manner. "Sir, he was a dull fellow—dull in company, dull in his closet, dull every way; he was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great." Now the poet, in his own line, was great, and to his intimates was, and deserved to be, pre-eminently interesting; but we believe this is a fair enough picture of his actual deportment to the world at large. And reserve is dulness to the majority of those who come in contact with it—a fact which it may not be amiss to press at a time when everybody is pleased to be thought reserved, and disowns the charge with the gentlest disclaimer, either for his country or himself. There is a reserve merely of manner, of which we will only say that it is much to be preferred to the opposite extreme; but reserve of mind—the attitude of holding back what is most distinctive of the speaker, and what affects him nearest—disqualifies a man for general cheerful companionship. Not that we would confound reserve with dulness. A practised observer distinguishes the two before a word is spoken. As Bacon says, "If a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery," which dulness never does. There is the interest, for those who care for such things, of detecting the real man through the veil it pleases him to wear. The character most liable to reserve has high and attractive points—it has self-respect, self-restraint, sensitiveness, and possibly a high moral standard and a correct taste; but the reserve itself, if not an innate fault, is yet a misfortune. It is the effect of some early check, neglect, wounded feeling, or uncongenial circumstances when the character began to form itself. And it results in

harm ; for that must be a narrowing, hardening quality which keeps a man always on the defensive, and suspicious of aggression, and shuts him up from real, equal, open intercourse with the greater number of those who fall in his way. It is no credit to a man that very few people know him, and yet it is constantly stated by his friends as a sort of distinction separating him from the common herd, who lay themselves bare—thoughts, feelings, emotions—at the mere prompting of the occasion, without jealous choice of witnesses or care for a fit audience.

It is sometimes thought a sign of freedom from egotism that a man never speaks of himself ; but it more commonly denotes reserve, and is, in truth, one of its most repelling characteristics. Reserve is compatible with great freedom and fluency of speech on those subjects which are public property. Indeed, men who are conscious that they held an impregnable position are often very ready on common topics, and may even conceal from the unobservant that there is a part of themselves which no eye is ever permitted to pry into. But this sort of talk in the long run, is unsatisfactory—it wants the savor of candor and true sincerity. The reserved and the open are not even here on a level, for there is no subject so removed from personal interests and regards as not to suffer in the handling from this watchful jealousy lest the general should touch on the private and individual. Whatever a man is, however attractive his powers or qualities, if he persistently shuns personal confidences where it would be natural to make them, it is wise to accept the reticence as a sign of mistrust. Acquaintance here will not ripen into friendship. All people talk of themselves to somebody, and it is, in fact, an especial luxury to the reserved class, from their self-inverted, self-conscious habit of mind. This sometimes impels them to strange confidences. A man of rigid reserve will tell a stranger things about himself which he has hid from friend and wife and child ; and this either from a grudging mistrust of those near him—lest the barrier, once broken down, should never be raised again—or because he can talk of things the most intimate and close to him if secure from the free, bold touch of sympathy and affection. Thus it is that confiding, cordial natures are often invaded with something like a pang, as at kindness repelled and interest

slighted, when they find that their reserved friend has been revealing his inner nature to a chance talkative stranger, which he has withheld from them through long seeming intimacy, interchange of kind offices, and tried fidelity. In fact, when frank and friendly people call a man reserved, it commonly means some personal experience of this sort.

It is, perhaps, impossible not to be flattered by anything like exclusive regard. We are all so far selfish as to prize a thing the more for its being, in some particular sense, our own :—

“ And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place ;
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown.”

And here, no doubt, lies much of the charm of reserve—it points to something which may become an exclusive possession. Nor do some persons care how narrow is the outlet for sensibility and enthusiasm, so that it flows freely for them. If a man does not open his heart to many people, he is too readily assumed to be capable of a particular effusion and intensity of trust in a chosen few. The truth is, however, that nothing really needs such constant practice as the affections. A man does not feel a bit the stronger for feeling rarely ; and we would go further, and say that the man who resolutely controls all expression of feeling controls something more than expression—he keeps down the thing itself. An exclusive manner cannot be maintained without a certain cast of sentiment towards the persons against whom this guard is kept. The outside does not belie the heart, as is fondly supposed ; it more commonly understates the real condition of affairs. And yet, because all silence and reticence have an air of mystery, we often see the frank, genial nature which, like the green fields, bears its wealth visible to all eyes, disregarded for one of these supposed mines of treasure, and centres of hidden fire. It is woman's weakness especially to be caught by the romance of a stern, inaccessible nature, accessible to her and to her alone—more particularly if she be of the jealous temper which grudges sharers in its privileges. Reserve gives great occasion for her particular talent of practical physiognomy. If the countenance is impenetrable, then

“ Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains ;”

if rigid, she can detect lightning flashes of feeling; if it is mobile, and subject to transitions and rapid fluctuations of expression, it is like a map of a country of which she alone has the key. What depths of tenderness, humanity, and intellect will she not attribute to eyes that kindle while the tongue is mute, to a brow that contracts under unexpressed thought, and to lips that pass from stern to sweet under restrained impulses! Yet mere sensitiveness—sensitiveness that never gets wholly away from self, never quite loses itself in others—may be at the bottom of the stimulating exterior. The shyness of pride, the horror of self-betrayal, the fear of ridicule, or the intense enjoyment and appreciation of being understood, are all very tell-tale emotions, and can dispense with speech. Where reserve is a strong characteristic, even thoughts of universal kindliness are no habitual occupation of heart or intellect; though the want may be more than atoned for to the favored few by a warm partiality of preference, confiding dependence, and depth of personal regard. Where there is this harmony, let the union be as close and as exclusive as it will. Reserve is an element of strength, and has its work to do in the world as a check on babbling sentiment and on the weak effusions of shallow or boisterous natures. We do not care to have everybody diffusively and expansively benevolent. What we resent is the waste that is sometimes observable of an honest regard—a confidence on one side, with efforts to please that are not, and never will be, returned. We find something lowering in some people's humble attendance on tempers of this nature—in their waiting and watching for chance crumbs of sympathy. There is always a time when these unrequited endeavors should cease. Sympathy and confidence should be mutual, or they should tone down to a lower level. A lover was once refused, at the end of fifteen years, on the ground of insufficient acquaintance. It is wise in friend as well as suitor to give up the hope of occupying any large place in the mind which has had ample opportunities of knowing all the good that is in him, and yet has not availed itself of them.

A certain set of strong qualities can hardly be found in man without the counterbalance of contempt and disdain. Being free from a particular class of temptations, people despise those who are subject to them. Above all, the power of silence is one to be proud

of, both for the snares and dangers from which it saves, and the prestige which it wins. All reserved people have mistrust of others. Most of them undervalue the discretion or refinement of those among whom they live. It is almost necessarily a supercilious habit of mind, and this is apparent whenever a man of reserved temper will talk frankly of his reserve. He owns that the mass of mankind are beyond—which means beneath—his sympathy. He will confess to being hopeless—which, again, means careless—of their regard. There may, indeed, be the appearance of reserve from opposite causes—from the mere want of a sense of individuality. Some people have no privacy because their own nature never occupies them. They cannot be brought to talk about themselves or to make confidences, from mere ignorance of the subject. Their fault is an intellectual one, and the less need be said about them because they are essentially dry and uninteresting. Nobody cares much what they may have to say on any topic, and their reserve is what only the more philanthropic would seek to break through.

Shyness and reserve are so often alike in their effects that it is no wonder they are constantly confounded. Shyness, under a composed exterior, looks like reserve; and reserve, where people judge only by manner, often passes for shyness. But the likeness is only superficial. It is easy to distinguish, where there is opportunity for observation, the painful shrinking and recoil which puts Shyness at a distance, from the arm's-length attitude of resistance by which Reserve holds the world at bay. Genuine shyness must be some compound of fear, self-consciousness, and inexperience. It implies an acute sense of bareness and exposure, which intercourse with the world will certainly modify. What reserve is, we have not arrived at; but it is a quality, when once implanted, which custom and society will rather increase than wear out. It is felt to be a power and a protection, and is cherished as an armor of defence; and so it is, but it is also an admission of weakness and an evidence of defect. With all respect, and liking, too, for our reserved friends, and for the impressive appearance which a well-guarded reserve makes in the world, we yet submit that the strongest minds—the most vigorous, comprehensive, prudent, and far-seeing, the natures most to be relied upon, most influential, and most thoroughly lovable—are essentially unreserved.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MY FIRST GLACIER PASS.

HAD engaged myself, somewhat unwillingly—for I am not of a roving disposition—to accompany my cousin, William Jones, and a friend in a tour among the Alps last season. William is an indefatigable climber, and makes it a matter of conscience to scale some hitherto-untrodden peak every year, for no earthly reason that I can see, except that no one has ever been there before, or is likely to go again. He had often tried without success to induce me to accompany him; and at last I thought that, as Goethe placed himself under fire in order to experience what the battle-fever was like, I might as well scale the Alps to put myself in sympathy with the mountain-maniacs.

I could not start with my friends, as I was engaged to play in a cricket match with the gentlemen of my county against those of Wessex, which I am happy to say we won; and it was only by travelling day and night that I managed to keep the rendezvous at the little village of Oberheim, in the Steinthal. William had sent me a letter of advice as to the things I should take, all of which could be carried in a knapsack; but as I did not fancy the cheap and nasty way of doing business, I added a well-filled portmanteau, to be forwarded from place to place as convenience might require. In his letter he informed me that his sister Emily was engaged to join a party travelling in Switzerland, and that we should probably fall in with each other. This did not operate to deter me, as I had once before found her a very agreeable companion on the Rhine. Without any adventure worth recording, but nearly knocked up by my hurried journey, I joined my friends in the Steinthal, and was warmly welcomed by them. I had left my portmanteau at Interlachen, whence I thought I could send for it at any time when I knew our intended route.

It seemed that William's object in coming to Oberheim was to make a new pass, the summit of which it was said a certain chamois-hunter had reached from the Sennenthal, and had looked down upon the upper part of the Steinthal. He had not crossed over, and William had written to him from Paris to meet us, that we might try the pass from the Oberheim side. He did this, knowing that, if we could reach the summit, the descent into the Sennenthal was secure; whereas, if

the pass had been attacked from the side already known, and insurmountable difficulties had been met with on the descent, a night on the glacier, if nothing worse, might have been entailed upon us. As it was, our retreat was always secure should we fail in reaching the summit.

The plan decided on was, to take a short walk in the afternoon to a chalet at the foot of the glacier. We had to cross and sleep there, so as to be as near our work as possible by daylight the next morning. I was glad to find that we had not to carry our own knapsacks, as, besides a Chamounix guide who was travelling with William, and the hunter, we engaged a local guide to take us as far as he knew our proposed route, and afterwards accompany us to our destination. The gentlemen were to carry their own provisions. William had a prejudice against wine during a walk, and persuaded us each to take a bottle of good strong tea instead, an arrangement which the guides did not consent to adopt for themselves. I found to my chagrin that I had neglected to bring a veil and spectacles, and William looked grave when I told him so. It was discovered, however, that the landlord of the inn had an old pair of spectacles, of which one glass was broken; his daughter sewed a piece of black cloth over the damaged part, so that both my eyes should be protected from the glare of sun and snow, though only one could be used; and a sort of mask was made out of a white pocket-handkerchief, to be tied round my head with a string. I tried on these articles amid much merriment from all present, and presented the appearance of a man with a white face, and one green and one black eye, both of enormous size. I pocketed my new acquisitions, and we set off in capital spirits for the chalet, a walk of three or four hours only. I was not by any means satisfied with my condition, as railway travelling always puts me out of trim; and I felt that I should have to do my utmost to keep up with my companions on the morrow. They had been taking their week's training, and resting comfortably at night. However, I had helped to beat the Wessex men, and the thought of this consoled me under my anticipated difficulties. We were most hospitably received by the people at the chalet, and were enabled to keep our provisions intact for the morrow. They had very little to eat, except the products of milk:

a little flour, and some black bread baked the previous autumn, and literally as hard as a stone, was all the farinaceous food they possessed; animal food was quite unobtainable. They made with flour and milk a porridge which they called brei, and this, eaten with niedel, a kind of clotted cream, proved to be so enticing that I at least took more than was good for me. A bowl of tea and some brandy and water sent us to bed, on some hay in the barn, in a comfortable frame of body and mind, though William, maliciously quoting "Peaks and Passes," reminded me that what seemed to be hay was probably a mixture of hay and fleas. We turned in before sundown, as we had to be up at three in the morning. I was asleep directly; and, with the exception of a few minutes when I was awakened by the hundred and fifteen cows belonging to the establishment coming home for the night, each with an enormous bell round her neck, I was undisturbed till the guide shook me and told me it was time to turn out. It was still dark, and we managed as well as we could to get a wash at the trough outside. I had not shaved since leaving England, and had hoped for an opportunity of doing so that morning, but found it impossible under the circumstances. William was much amused at the idea of such a thing, and prophesied that I should remain unshaven during my whole stay in Switzerland—on which I announced my intention of shaving the very next day, but only got his usual grunt and a provoking little laugh in reply. We made an excellent breakfast on boiled milk, with some of the white bread we had brought soaked in it. The weather was glorious; and we set out at a moderate pace, with the first streak of dawn, and in the highest spirits.

We were not long in getting to the glacier, which poured down a small lateral valley into the Steinthal. As we turned the corner the sun was just lighting up the distant peaks and high snows over which our course lay. The whole scene was so glorious, and so much beyond what I had expected, that I felt that one sight alone would have been worth the hurried journey from England, even if I had to return immediately; and I looked forward to my month's rambling amid such scenes with the liveliest anticipations. I could only give vent to my feelings by repeating Dante's magnificent description of morning:—

"Tempo era dal principio del mattino;
E il sol montava in su con quelle stelle
Ch'eran con lui, quando l'amor divino
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle."

My excitement caused me to hasten my pace, for which I was at once reproved by William, who told me the mountaineer's step should be long, slow, and lasting: "*Ohne Hast und ohne Rast*," as the Germans say; "*Doucement et toujours*," as the French have it.

The very first step which I made upon the moraine at the foot of the glacier brought me down upon my nose, to my great surprise, as I had been assured that the glacier ice was not at all slippery, and, where I stepped upon it, it was entirely covered with sand; but it was this very circumstance which caused my fall, as the sand was lying lightly on the surface of the ice, preserving it from the direct action of the sun's rays, which roughen it where exposed. The sand, when stepped upon carelessly, slips from under the foot, so that the inexperienced traveller is in the greatest danger of falling when he thinks himself most secure. I had not been long upon the ice, before William perceived that I did not understand the management of my alpenstock, as I placed it below me instead of holding it across my body with the point towards the slope above, and leaning my weight upon it. He showed me how the slightest slip of the point, when it was below me, made it worse than useless, whereas when I held it towards the slope of the hill, at about the level of my knee, I could instantly, in case of a slip, obtain a fresh support by leaning hard upon the point. I soon became expert enough in its use, and we made good, steady way along the surface of the glacier, which at first had no very great slope or wide crevasses.

We soon, however, came to a spot where the glacier made a descent over some steep rocks, and it was necessary to seek a passage round the difficulty. I was filled with wonder at the magnificent appearance presented by the ice-fall: enormous blocks, as large as houses and churches, were heaped upon each other in wild confusion; and, whilst I gazed, one toppled over, and fell in ruin with a noise like a battery of heavy guns. I confess to having been awed, if not frightened, by the sight and sound; but they only seemed to raise my companions' spirits, as

they gave a simultaneous shout of delight which rang cheerily over the frozen wastes; and William's friend treated us to the song of the hunter in "Wilhelm Tell," commencing:—

"Es donnern die Hohen, es zittert der Steg."

For my part I was beginning to feel very much out of sorts, which I attributed, perhaps unjustly, to the evil qualities of the seductive "niedel" I had indulged in the previous evening. I felt, however, that it would never do to give in to my uncomfortable feelings; and just then, as we had been out four hours, and a stream was trickling down the rocks on our left, the last water we might get, it was judged as well to halt for a short time, and take a little refreshment. I swallowed a hard boiled egg and a slice of bread and butter, for which I had but little appetite; and, as my friends had not finished eating. I took out my sketch-book, and was proceeding to transfer some of the glories before me to paper, when William caught sight of my proceedings, and shouted out, "Hollo! what are you about? No sketching allowed, except on off-days. Making a new pass is no joke, I can tell you; and we can't be delayed by every pretty bit you may take a fancy to draw. We must pass on at once: it is very important not to lose a moment in the early part of the day; for, whilst we linger here, the sun is hard at work above us softening the snow, and we do not know what difficulties we may meet with to delay us before we get to the top. So be a good fellow, put up your things, and let us be moving."

I had read in Alpine books of the importance of an early start to get to the upper snows whilst still hard frozen; so I lost no time in being a good fellow, and putting up my things. It was judged necessary, in order to avoid the ice-fall, to pass along a steep snow-slope which had been formed by avalanches between the rocks and the ice, and which, as it was on the shady side of the valley, was still hard-frozen. We were a long time traversing this, as it was so steep that steps had to be cut with the ice-axe to give us foothold; and, when we had passed it, we had to take to the precipice on our left, as the bergschrund, or chasm, left where the ice had melted away from the hillside, was quite impassable where it was not filled

up with the snow brought down by the avalanches.

The precipice we were obliged to face had always been deemed impracticable; but it has become a proverb with alpestrians that impracticable means unattempted, and that where there is a will there is a way. The rocks were exceedingly steep, but fortunately afforded good foot-and-hand hold, and the strata dipped inwards; we were all roped together, and those in advance were thus able to help those who followed. The hunter led the way, and occasionally pulled himself up by a hook which screwed into the top of his alpenstock.

After having made considerable progress we came to a vertical cliff, which, though of no great height, was beyond our powers, as we had no ladder with us. It was proposed to return, and try the pass again next day with the assistance of a ladder; and we had already begun the descent in no very cheerful mood when William perceived a gap on the left, which had been concealed from us during our ascent; the hunter was sent to investigate, and shouted to us to come on. We found the place decidedly stiff; but, as we were all pretty good climbers and had good heads, we succeeded in overcoming the difficulty. For one moment only were we in any real peril, and this was when a large stone was disengaged from the face of the rock by our leader; it came bounding down the gully, glancing from side to side, and struck the Chamounix man, who was last on the line, heavily on the thigh. He was swept off his legs in an instant. I was next before him, and, being tied to him with the rope, was also dragged down; but, whilst falling, managed to clutch hold of a projecting piece of rock; and those above, having better foothold, tightened the rope upon us, which helped me to hold on. We escaped with only a few scratches, and the temporary loss of my alpenstock, which was recovered with difficulty from a ledge below, where it had been arrested in its fall.

An hour and a half later than we had hoped, we stepped off the rocks on to the snow-fields of the upper part of the glacier. A halt was called for a mouthful of food, and for the purpose of putting on gaiters, spectacles, and veils. We still continued roped together—a precaution which should never be omitted on a snow-covered glacier, as it is

impossible to see the hidden crevasses gaping to swallow up suddenly any one who breaks through the treacherous snow-bridges which cover them. We had now conquered all the real difficulties of the pass, as a survey of the route before showed us nothing but gently rising snow-fields, with an occasional sharp pull for a hundred yards or so.

Though we had no more difficult obstacles to encounter, we found immediately, on starting again, that we should require our whole stock of patience and pluck to enable us to gain the summit, as the snow grew softer and we plunged deeper into it every moment. Although I was fifth on the line, I observed that I broke in oftener than the others through not having acquired the knack of planting my feet flatly and softly on the snow. I was much inconvenienced, too, by my mask, which did not fit properly, and was constantly slipping down and dragging my spectacles off my eyes; and it served to make me so dreadfully hot that in my despair I determined to brave all consequences, and removed the obnoxious articles from my face. I kept as close to the man before me as I could, to take advantage of his shadow; I looked doggedly on the ground, and trod exactly in his footmarks. We all soon began to break in at every step, and I found this some slight relief. As the foremost men had the work of wading and treading down the snow for those who followed, we occasionally stopped to change leaders, and let the guide who brought up the rear go in front. During one of these pauses, I asked the hunter if a certain rise close in front of us was the summit. Never shall I forget the despair which came over me at his energetic reply, "Mein Gott, nein; wann Sie da sind haben Sie noch drei Stunden." I felt inclined to throw myself down then and there, careless of what became of me. I had by this time a splitting headache, and felt very sick; my want of condition was beginning to tell terribly upon me, and I thought what a fool I had been to bring all this upon myself for the sake of a cricket match. I even ventured to tell my companions how seedy I felt. I was recommended to take a good drink of tea, and they kindly called a halt to allow me to recover myself. My bottle was about three parts full, and they told me to fill it up with snow to cool it. I felt revived on the instant; and, when I had sat-

urated a lump of sugar with brandy and swallowed it, I announced myself ready to proceed. I was exhorted to resume my mask and spectacles, but said it was simply impossible; besides, I did not feel the glare so very much and the cool wind to my face was quite refreshing. I got on somewhat better for a while, and determined steadfastly to show no more signs of weakness. To keep to this resolution, however, I was obliged every time we halted to change leaders, to have recourse to my branded lump of sugar; and though I gained temporary strength by this means, I do not think I improved my mental condition. I made the most solemn resolutions to myself that I would never cross a glacier again; surely, one such tramp as this would give me a sufficiently lively idea of the high snows. Snow was snow, and there could be no variety in it, except indeed when we fell into hidden crevasses, which we all did several times; the rope, however, prevented all dangers from these tumbles. At last my mind began to wander. I fancied I was one of a gang of Russian prisoners chained together and condemned to exile in Siberia; that I had been already several months on the journey, and had many more before me. I thought the change of leaders was the relief of the guards, and that I must not complain or it would be the worse for me. The time when I had not been tramping through soft snow, and when life was pleasant to me, seemed as long past, as did the time when he was not being flogged to Somerville, the soldier, during his agony. I was aroused from my despair by the cheerful yodel of my friends which announced our arrival at the summit. I thought for an instant that it was the emperor's reprieve, and sank down exhausted and thankful on the snow, and was soon in a sound sleep. I really think I had been half asleep before, and that dreams mingled with my waking consciousness.

My companions, who were quite fresh, thought it better to leave me alone for a while, and actually made an expedition on their own account to obtain a view from a neighboring summit, leaving one of the guides to smoke his pipe and watch over my welfare. My face was covered up, and I was softly laid upon plaid. I was awakened when the party returned, and felt much refreshed by my snooze; but I think still more by the con-

sciousness that the climbing was all accomplished. The effects of the brandy had gone off, and I found I could eat heartily.

Immediately below us there appeared a snow-slope, which, notwithstanding its soft state, was voted practicable for a glissade. I was given in charge of one of the guides, who sat down, and I sat behind him. I trusted everything to him, and we arrived quite safe at the bottom of the slope, which was some hundreds of feet in length. I was so exhilarated by the ease and rapidity of the descent, that I changed my opinion of Alpine snow on the instant; and, instead of determining never to go on it again, thought I would in future only cross passes the time required for making which was well known, so that I should never find the snow in so bad a state as we had done that day. Our hunter told us that we should have to descend an ice-fall, which there was no means of avoiding; and we soon came to it. Then began the most exciting work I ever had—so much so, that all sense of fatigue left me, and I entered into the business *con amore*. Although the hunter was the only one of the party who had been down the pass before, I observed that he gave up the leadership here to the Chamounix guide, who was a most experienced iceman, though he did not appear to me to be a particularly good rock-climber. There is no regular way down an icefall, as the crevasses change from day to day, and a general knowledge of icework is of more importance than a local acquaintance with the pass. I certainly could not have thought it possible that men could pass unharmed among the toppling crags and gaping rifts through which we threaded our way.

The large blocks of ice, now softening in the afternoon sun, were crashing down in thunder every ten minutes; but our guide seemed to have an instinct for safe places, and only once did he think it necessary to pass under any blocks the slope of which threatened a fall; and here he exhorted us to hasten, lest we should be crushed beneath the frowning masses. I was thoroughly carried away by the excitement of the work, and was much congratulated by William on my recovery from the effects of the *niedel*. Sometimes we had to let our leader down an ice-block with a rope: and, when safely landed below, he would cut steps for those who were to follow or hold his alpenstock horizontally against

the ice at the level of his shoulder to give them a stepping-place in their descent. He never lost an inch of ground; and we found ourselves always getting lower, though we had to wind about a good deal. On one occasion he thought he should have to retreat a little, as he deemed the crevasse in front too wide to leap. No sooner had he said this than I jumped over. The breadth was not so very great; but the drop was considerable, and the others hesitated to follow. I called to William to pitch over the knapsacks—which he did at once; and, as I caught them in succession, the guides fairly laughed with delight, and said they had never seen such a thing done before, and declared themselves ready to go to the end of the world with us. I immediately thought how my cricketing had fitted me for my excursion, instead of being a hindrance. The others jumped over in succession. After this feat we sat down to rest a bit. I asked the hunter how much longer we should be in the ice-fall? He said, "Two hours," and after a pause added, "But, if you stop here four, that will make it six"—a remark which brought me to my legs at once. He proved to be right in his calculations, for cutting steps and heading round crevasses takes up much time, with small results in direct progress to show. When we were free from the entanglement of the fall, we proceeded at a brisk pace down the more level part of the glacier. There were still frequent crevasses to jump, and, as the excitement diminished, I began to feel my fatigue return; but, as I was assured that three hours would bring us to our inn, I kept up my pluck as well as I could. I found, however, that going down-hill caused my new boots to rub my toes in a very disagreeable manner, and blisters were soon added to my fatigue; but I held on my way uncomplaining, though in pain and weariness. At last the welcome sight of the hotel appeared immediately below us; a yodel and a pistol-shot, to announce our arrival, brought all the loungers, guides, and tourists, to the door; and many were the conjectures as to the route we had come. When we got lower we came to a path which zigzagged considerably, and I thought I would make a short-cut down. Whilst attempting this, and descending carelessly, I stepped upon a slippery pine-root, and instantly tumbled forward, striking my breast violently against the

ground, and having my waistcoat much torn by a dead branch lying near. I felt half-stunned; happily no bones were broken, or much damage done; but I received another lesson in going carefully, even in places apparently the most safe.

When we arrived and announced that we had made the pass from the Steinthal, loud were the congratulations on all sides; the landlord brought out a bottle of his best wine, and insisted on our drinking it then and there. We were decidedly the heroes of the hour, and I went to bed about nine o'clock, after a capital supper, in a high state of satisfaction. I was soon asleep, and, alas! soon awake again. My burnt face, and the amount of wine I had drunk since my arrival, made me quite feverish. In vain I drank tumbler after tumbler of water to quench my thirst. I could slumber for a few minutes only at a time; my old fancies of the Siberian pilgrimage returned with every kind of aggravated horror; the crevasses into which I tumbled were transformed into oubliettes, from which I was dragged only to endure fresh tortures, of which being beaten on my breast with clubs, and on my face with nettles, being bastinadoed on the soles of my feet, and having pepper thrown in my eyes, formed a part, William and the hunter being the chief tormentors. I dreamed that a tyrant had condemned me to cross a glacier without any protection from clothing, and that my whole body was being scorched by the glare of sun and snow. At last I was kept awake by the excursionists who were getting up at 2 A.M.—the thin wooden partitions of the hotel making their every movement audible. The noise lasted till daylight, when I got up to examine my burning face in the glass. With the exception of a broad white band at the top of my forehead where my hat had protected me, it looked like a boiled lobster; and I felt much as the poor animal must do during the process of being cooked. The whites of my eyes were pink, and I could hardly bear even the yet dim light; my lips were swollen to twice their natural size, and nearly as black as ink; and the state of my beard, unshorn for three days, added to my frightful appearance. This, however, I thought I could soon rectify, and proceeded, not without some satisfaction in thinking of William's prophecy, to divest myself of my superfluous hair. I had not calculated on the blistered state of my

skin, which rendered the process so agonizing, that I fairly gave in after having shaved one side of my upper lip. I wondered if I could manage to singe the rest of my beard, but had not pluck enough to light a match and try that expedient. With a groan I turned into bed again, and thought with terror on the figure I should cut in public, and the quizzing of William; for I dared not hope he was in as bad a plight as myself, as he had worn his veil and spectacles throughout the passage of the snow. I fell asleep, and awoke to find him smiling over me. His "Well, old fellow, how do you feel this morning?" elicited such a groan that his heart was softened; and when he perceived that I could not bear to keep my eyes open, he told me to cheer up, and that if I wore some darkened spectacles for a day or two my eyes would soon be right again—that I had better get up and put a good face upon it (a good face indeed; how I wished I could!). He said he had ordered breakfast at eight o'clock, and asked me if he should send me up any hot water to shave with. I said, "Yes, please," with rage at my heart. He came up again presently with a pair of spectacles, and I got up and made my appearance at the breakfast-table. There was a large party assembled, mostly English; and I thought I observed an amused look on their faces as I entered. However, I could hardly see them, and knew they could not see my eyes; so I did not feel so much exposed as I otherwise should have done. I noticed they often asked each other for the "niedel," and felt at once that William had been amusing himself at my expense, as they were generally smiling when my great goggle eyes were turned towards them inquiringly to see if they were quizzing me. After breakfast a stroll was proposed to a neighboring waterfall, William maliciously reminding me not to forget my sketching materials. I felt quite angry with him, and made an excuse of my blistered feet for remaining at home. The fact is, I was so stiff that I do not think I could have walked two miles; so I laid down on the grass in front of the hotel, and solaced myself with my pipe as well as I could. My face was covered with pimples which exuded water copiously; and I had to purchase a veil, as the burning of the sun was intolerable. Reading was out of the question; and, as I could not enjoy the scenery, my day was miser-

able enough. When my companions returned, I found they had made an engagement with some other enthusiasts to attempt the ascent of the Dreisennenspitz—a peak which has long been an object of desire to the mountain-maniacs, but has hitherto defied their efforts. I refused to join the expedition, which was to last two days; and it was agreed that I should await my friends' return.

They started the next day, which was to me like the previous one, except that the matter exuded from my face was yellow like the yolk of an egg. On the third day I had turned completely black; the skin of my face was so tight that I could neither eat, speak, nor laugh without the greatest pain; and, as to blowing my nose, it was a thing not to be attempted. My poor lips were gaping with fissures, and I felt myself an object of wonder, as well as of pity, to all beholders; my eyes, however, were quite well again, and I could leave off my spectacles.

My friends did not come back as I had expected, but I was in no hurry for them. On the fourth morning, when I looked in the glass, I observed that the black burnt skin was peeling off in strips, so that I presented the appearance of a half-shaved zebra, and I thought I was more frightful than ever; but the pain was gone, and life no longer a burden. Before leaving for his expedition William had entered our names in the hotel-book, with a long account of the new pass. He described it as an easy walk of twelve hours, if the snow was in good condition, and proposed exercising the privilege of a discoverer. to name it the "Niedelundbreijoch." I knew he had done this to quiz me, and felt accordingly.

Whilst I was lounging outside the hotel-door, beginning to think the party of excursionists must be lost,—as they had been absent for four days,—I observed a vetturino drive up with a carriage drawn by four horses. He had evidently brought a large party, as there was plenty of luggage. I asked him where he was going; he said he had only been engaged to come as far as the hotel with a party who had diverged to see the waterfall, and were following on foot. He said he was going back to Interlaken as soon as possible; did I want to go? he would take me for the price of a one-horse trap. Just as he made this offer, I caught

sight of the name "Emily Jones" on one of the packages he had brought. She, then, was coming; she would see me in my hideous deformity! No, not if I could help it. I closed with the vetturino at once, hurried into the hotel, called for my bill and a sheet of paper—on which I wrote a few lines to William, saying it was too bad of him to serve me such a trick as he had, and that I was off to make the ascent of Mont Blanc (nothing was really farther from my thoughts, as I had mentally vowed that my next walking-tour should be in Holland), but that I would wait a few days at Vevay to hear what he was about.

As I passed the door of the public room on my way out, I heard Emily exclaim, "I do declare, William and John are here; how delightful! and they have made a new pass, and propose to call it —" She bungled so over the name that I was out of earshot before she had mastered it; so the pain of hearing the words from her lips was spared me. I drew my veil over my face and buried myself in the carriage, which drove off immediately. I picked up my portmanteau at Interlachen, and proceeded to Vevay, where I spent many days in the delightful hotel, the "Trois Couronnes," fishing, bathing, sketching, and boating to my heart's content. My beauty was restored, my face clean shaven, and my person faultlessly got up. William had written saying that he had gone off to Italy, and that I had better take care of myself. I was doing so to my entire satisfaction; so I dismissed him from my mind at once. He did not enter into any account of his excursion; so I judged it had been a failure. I was getting somewhat tired of staying in one place, and of having no society except that of the chance acquaintances of the *table d'hôte*, when, on looking over the visitors' book, I found the names of Emily and her friends. I lost no time in inquiring for them, and found them at breakfast in a private room. Emily looked hard at me with evident surprise, and exclaimed, "Why, John, how well you are looking! They told me—" and then she stopped short and smiled. I complimented her in return, and sat down to breakfast with them. I heard all about William's adventures; he had returned the evening I had left without accomplishing the desire of his soul. With much labor the party had climbed what they imagined to be

the highest peak of the mountain, and discovered the true summit about thirty feet above them, but separated from them by an impassable gulf. There was nothing for it but to descend and attack the hill again next day from the other side. Their second attempt was less successful than the first, as the clouds prevented their seeing the right direction to take, so that the Dreisennenspitz still rears its unconquered head above the Sennenthal.

I was easily persuaded to join my friends, who were travelling homewards by way of the Rhine. Emily and I had many a pleasant ramble among well-remembered scenes, during which she revealed to me the many cutting things that William had said about my mountain-sickness, and the ludicrous description he had given of my personal appearance. I determined to have my revenge immediately on my arrival in London. I

became a member of the Alpine Club, and attended a dinner a few days afterwards. Here I gave a flaming account of the new pass I had made, never mentioning William's name, and proposed to call it the "Stein-joch." (I knew he intended writing a paper about it, so I thought I would take the wind out of his sails.) I further said that I intended next year to ascend the Dreisennenspitz or perish in the attempt; and I greatly ridiculed a party who, I was told, had this year attempted it from the northern side, which every one knew only led to one of the secondary peaks which had been previously scaled. I have not seen or heard from William since his return, and cannot help thinking, from his prolonged silence, that he has heard of my proceedings, and objects to the manner in which I have behaved; but still he cannot question my right to sign myself
A. C.

A WRITER in the August number of the *Revue Continentale*, a quarterly periodical published in Ghent, of size and note sufficient to rank with our quarterlies, makes the following remarks: "There were published during the year 1862 about 14,000 works in Germany; about 11,500 in France; but in England only 4,800. This disproportion between England and France justifies itself to a certain extent in this respect, that in England there are none of those pamphlets and mediocre romances which shoal in France. English works, comparatively and in general, carry it in merit over French works. It is, moreover, incontestable that English literature, despite the attacks of which it has for some time been the object, is making giant strides, and, before long, will have nothing to envy the most favored nations." There is something in these remarks that must strike people here as odd. We had hardly fancied, for example, that there had been so much malevolence towards our literature abroad as the writer seems to speak of. Nor had we been fully aware of our happy freedom from the pest of pamphlets and silly novels. The writer, however, is perfectly correct in his report of the number of publications in Great Britain for 1862 (unless, indeed, he gives us credit for a little more than we deserve, for our estimate makes the total number of publications in Britain for 1862 only 3,913, exclusive of parliamentary papers and the daily and weekly press); and, if his statistics of the book-trade in Germany and France are equally correct, our shortcoming of the German and the French rate of book-production is a fact worth

being known and thought of. Whether we should be glad or sorry, we leave as a question between Mr. Carlyle and Paternoster Row.—Reader.

A WRITER in *Notes and Queries* quotes a document given in Russell's "History of Guildford," published in 1801, to show that the word "cricket," as the name of our national game, is much older than is usually supposed, Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," placing it at the commencement of the eighteenth century. The word occurs in an affidavit respecting a "Garden withelde from the Towne," anno 40 Elizabeth, in which "John Derriek, gent., one of the Queen's Majestie's coroners for the county of Surrie, saith: 'When he was a schollar in the free-school of Guldcsforde, he and several of his fellowes did runne and play there at *crickett* and other plaies.'"

THE *Wochenchronik* says: "Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, who, in the forty-six years from 1780 to 1826, manufactured 48,348 pianos, during the subsequent thirty-five years, to 1861, sent forth the astounding number of 75,700 new instruments. In London alone 28,000 pianos are annually manufactured."

OWING to the manifold ghosts and spectres now stalking about on the boards of the Paris theatres, people there no longer call them the "Spectacles," but the "*Spectacles*."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE," AND "THE GOBLIN MARKET."*

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE "Skeleton in the Cupboard," is a theme heavily dwelt upon. That there is a skeleton in every cupboard—no family without such an appendage, no destiny without such a flaw—is the argument of one of the wittiest and most worldly-wise of our popular prose-writers. But it was reserved for a poet, with a true poet's heart to oppose to the "Skeleton in the Cupboard," "The Angel in the House"—to show that no home, be it ever so humble or ever so lowly, need be without that peaceful presence, and to sing this true and tender "Psalm of Life" to all who choose to listen—to all who do not wilfully shut their ears to the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so wisely."

This task has been accomplished by Mr. Coventry Patmore. The echo of a hundred thousand "welcomes" to the Princess Alexandra are still vibrating in the hearts of Englishmen. The interest—brother-like, father-like, lover-like—taken by them in the fulfilment of life's best hope, heightened by all the adventitious circumstances that can increase sympathy and surround the picture of happiness with a dazzling halo, is still fresh among us. Crowds run hither and thither on the chance of seeing the Bride of England pass by; groups stand waiting in her path. Her happiness and the happiness of her youthful husband are somehow made part of ours. We triumph in their vision of wedded love. We rejoice that "the Angel in the House" has come to dwell in the Royal Palace. Yet that part of a royal destiny, which seems to us so superlatively bright, is within the reach of any man who chooses so to school his passions and affections as to make a sane choice in life.

Those who would study the lesson that reads so like a romance, those who would profit by the gentle philosophy of theories which the most simple may put in practice for their own temporal and eternal welfare, cannot do better than make Mr. Coventry Patmore's book the companion of hours spent in the hush of the library, the tedium of the railroad, or the sequestered calm of summer

rambles. The stamp of earnest truth is on every page; and the wisdom that permeates through the argument of the story, without one dogmatic sentence to startle or offend, would win the most careless and convert the most scoffing to the true faith of virtuous love. Peace, self-conquest, and the serene joy of religious trust hang like a blessed atmosphere around this poem. It is a book to instruct the young, to guide and comfort those who are still midway in the rocking storm of life's uncertain passage, and to lull with the best of harmonies those whose hopes are ended either by fulfilment or disappointment.

In style Mr. Patmore may claim the merit of originality. Undazzled by the Tennysonian radiance, he has pursued a path of his own to the inner recesses of the human heart. In the occasional homely diction, and in the choice of familiar themes, he resembles Crabbe: but he has more skill in rhythmical composition and a loftier tone of thought.

The framework of his poem, "The Angel in the House," is simple enough. It is the wooing and winning of a life-companion in the shape of a virtuous wife—such a one as he himself describes in one of his minor poems, in a stanza of perfect beauty.

"And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshown,
A Mary in the House of God,
A Martha in her own."

That such wooing may have, and must have, in the youthful heart, its share of passionate earthliness, is shown in the beautiful lines:—

"Your name pronounced brings to my heart
A feeling like the violet's breath,
Which does so much of heaven impart
It makes me yearn with tears for death.
The winds that in the garden toss
The Guelder-roses give me pain,
Alarm me with the dread of loss,
Exhaust me with the dream of gain.
I'm troubled by the clouds that move;
Thrilled by the breath which I respire;
And ever, like a torch, my love,
Thus agitated, flames the higher.
All's hard that has not you for goal;
I scarce can move my hand to write,
For love engages all my soul,
And leaves the body void of might.
The wings of will spread idly as do
The bird's that in a vacuum flies;
My breast, asleep with dreams of you,
Forgets to breathe, and bursts in sighs.
I see no rest this side the grave,
No rest or hope from you apart;
Your life is in the rose you gave,
Its perfume suffocates my heart."

* "The Angel in the House." By Coventry Patmore. Two vols. Macmillan and Co.

"The Goblin Market, and other Poems." By Christina Rossetti. Macmillan and Co.

There's no refreshment in the breeze ;
The heaven o'erwhelms me with its blue ;
I faint beside the dancing seas ;
Winds, skies, and waves are only you."

A fit following to the tender passion of these verses is found in the proposal :—

"Twice rose, twice died my trembling word ;
The faint and frail Cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touched me where I stood,
The warmth of her confided arm,
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood,
Her pleasure in her power to charm ;
Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
The least seemed most by blissful turn,—
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew ;
And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,
She, answering, owned that she loved too."

The familiar sweetness of companionship echoes the foregoing description :—

"I praised her, but no praise could fill
The depths of her desire to please,
Though dull to others as a Will
To them that have no legacies.
The more I praised the more she shone,
Her eyes incredulously bright,
And all her happy beauty blown
Beneath the beams of my delight.
Sweet rivalry was thus begot ;
By turns, my speech, in passion's style,
With flatteries the truth o'er-shot,
And she surpassed them with her smile."

It winds up pleasantly with this compliment to matron charms :—

"For, as became the festal time,
He cheered her heart with tender praise,
And speeches wanting only rhyme
To make them like his gallant lays.
He discommended girlhood, 'What
For sweetness like the ten-years' wife,
Whose customary love is not
Her passion, or her play, but life !
With beauties so maturely fair,
Affecting, mild, and manifold,
May girlish charms no more compare
Than apples green with apples gold.'"

The disappointment of a rejected suitor was, perhaps, never more simply or touchingly rendered than in the few lines that close Frederick Graham's letter to his mother :—

"My mother, now my only friend,
Farewell. The school-books which you send
I shall not want, and so return.
Give them away, or sell, or burn.
I'll write from Malta. Would I might
But be your little child to-night,
And feel your arms about me fold,
Against this loneliness and cold !"

And the vain corroding jealousy in the same heart was never better confessed than in the volume :—

"And o'er this dream I brood and doat,
And learn its agonies by rote.
I think, she's near him now, alone,
With wardship and protection none ;
Alone, perhaps, in the hindering stress
Of airs that clasp him with her dress,
They wander whispering by the wave ;
And haply now, in some sea-cave,
Where the ribbed sand is rarely trod,
They laugh, they kiss. O God ! O God !"

A fine warning succeeds against that commonest of all temptations—a marriage from pique :—

"Wed not one woman, O my son,
Because you love another one !
Oft, with a disappointed man,
The first who cares to win him can ;
For, after love's heroic strain,
Which tired the heart and brought no gain,
He feels consoled, relieved, and eased
To meet with her who can be pleased.
To proffer kindness, and compute
His acquiescence for pursuit ;
Who troubles not his lonely mood ;
Asks not for love but gratitude ;
And, as it were, will let him weep
Himself within her arms to sleep."

And again at page 65 :—

"Many men cannot love ; more yet
Cannot love such as they can get.
To wed with one less loved may be
Part of divine expediency."

The young man marries, however, in spite of these maternal warnings ; and the wavering of a mind, which afterwards settles to steadier attachment, is finely given :—

"But sometimes (how shall I deny !)
There falls, with her thus sitting by,
Dejection, and a chilling shade.
Remembered pleasures, as they fade,
Salute me, and, in fading, grow,
Like footprints in the thawing snow.
I feel oppressed beyond my force
With foolish envy and remorse.
I love this woman, but I might
Have loved some else with more delight ;
And strange it seems of God that he
Should make a vain capacity."

The yearning of the heart to old days is perfectly described in another letter to his mother :—

"And then, as if sweetly dreamed,
I half remembered how it seemed
When I, too, was a little child
About the wild wood roving wild.
Pure breezes from the far-off height
Melted the blindness from my sight,

Until, with rapture, grief, and awe,
 I saw again as then I saw.
 As then I saw, I saw again
 The harvest wagon in the lane,
 With high-hung tokens of its pride
 Left in the elms on either side ;
 The daisies coming out at dawn
 In constellations on the lawn ;
 The glory of the daffodil ;
 The three black windmills on the hill,
 Whose magic arms, flung wildly by,
 Sent magic shadows past the rye.
 Within the leafy coppice, lo,
 More wealth than miser's dreams could show,
 The blackbird's warm and woolly brood,
 Five golden beaks agape for food ;
 The gypsies, all the summer seen
 Native as poppies to the green ;
 The winter, with its frosts and thaws
 And opulence of hips and haws ;
 The lovely marvel of the snow ;
 The Tamar, with its altering show
 Of gay ships sailing up and down,
 Among the fields and by the town.
 And, dearer far than anything,
 Came back the songs you used to sing."

The gayety and sprightliness of Lady Clitheroe's letters aptly break the somewhat dreary impression made on the reader by the young sailor's grief and disappointment, and by the death of his simple, loving helpmate, whose dying words may be laid to heart by many who wring impossible promises of faith from those who survive to lament their loss :—

"Oh, should the mournful honeymoon
 Of death be over strangely soon,
 And life-long resolutions, made
 In grievous haste, as quickly fade,
 Seeming the truth of grief to mock,
 Think, dearest, 'tis not by the clock
 That sorrow goes ! A month of tears
 Is more than many, many years
 Of common time. Shun, if you can,
 However, any passionate plan.
 Grieve with the heart ; let not the head
 Grieve on, when grief of heart is dead ;
 For all the powers of life defy
 A superstitious constancy."

And these results of linked companionship, whether for joy or sorrow, are finely contrasted with the fair but barren picture of the resolute maidenhood of Mary Churchill.

"The world's delight my soul dejects,
 Revenging all my disrespects,
 Of old, with incapacity
 To chime with even its harmless glee,
 Which sounds, from fields beyond my range,
 Like fairies' music, thin and strange."

Very fine is the burst against the pharisaical tutoring (common in these days).

"And if, my Children, you, for hours
 Daily, untortured in the heart,

Can worship, and time's other part
 Give, without rough recoils of sense,
 To the claims ingrate of indigence,
 Happy are you, and fit to be
 Wrought to rare heights of sanctity,
 For the humble to grow humbler at.
 But if the flying spirit falls flat,
 After the modest spell of prayer
 That saves the day from sin and care,
 And the upward eye a void describes,
 And praises are hypocrisies,
 And, in the soul, o'erstrained for grace,
 A godless anguish grows apace ;
 Do not infer you cannot please
 God, or that he his promises
 Postpones, but be content to love
 No more than he accounts enough.

At least, leave distant worlds alone,
 Till you are native to your own ;
 Account them poor enough who want
 Any good thing which you can grant ;
 And fathom well the depths of life
 In loves of Husband and of Wife,
 Child, Mother, Father ; simple keys
 To all the Christian mysteries."

The same just train of thought is continued at page 202, where the permitted joys of earth are pleaded for :—

"Be ye not mocked ;
 Right life is glad as well as just,
 And, rooted strong in 'This I must,'
 It bears aloft the blossom gay
 And zephyr-tossed, of 'This I may.'"

Till, finally, this sweet picture of tranquil home concludes the theme :—

"Here, in this early autumn dawn,
 By windows opening on the lawn,
 Where sunshine seems asleep, though bright,
 And shadows yet are sharp with night ;
 And, further on, the wealthy wheat
 Bends in a golden drowse, how sweet
 To sit and cast my careless looks
 Around my walls of well-read books,
 Wherein is all that stands redeemed
 From time's huge wreck, all men have dreamed
 Of truth, and all by poets known
 Of feeling, and in weak sort shown,
 And, turning to my heart again,
 To find I have what makes them vain,
 The thanksgiving mind, which wisdom sums
 And you—"

It is a sorrowful reflection, at the close of this fine poem, to know that she who inspired it is gone to that world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage ; but where the hope of future meeting still shines mysterious and starlike from the distance.

Of a very different nature from the "Angel in the House," is the poem mated with it in our reviewer's page. The "Goblin Market," by Miss Christina Rossetti, is one of

the works which are said to "defy criticism." Is it a fable—or a mere fairy story—or an allegory against the pleasures of sinful love—or what is it? Let us not too rigorously inquire, but accept it in all its quaint and pleasant mystery, and quick and musical rhythm—a ballad which children will con with delight, and which riper minds may ponder over, as we do with poems written in a foreign language which we only half understand.

One thing is certain; we ought not to buy fruit from goblin-men. We ought not; and we will not. The cost of doing so, is too passionately portrayed in Miss Rossetti's verses to permit us to err in such a sort. The cunning, and selfish overreaching of the goblins is too faithfully rendered in Mr. D. G. Rossetti's picture—"Buy from us with a golden curl"—to allow us to be taken in. Decidedly not all the list of delicious fruits with which the volume opens shall make us waver in our resolution. We agree with Lizzie, the conscientious sister—

"We must not look at goblin-men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry, thirsty roots?"
'Come buy,' call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen.
'Oh,' cried Lizzie, 'Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men.'
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook:
'Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds' weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes.'
'No,' said Lizzie: 'No, no, no;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.'"

We regret Laura's fall in spite of such sweet warning:—

"But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
'Good folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather.'

'You have much gold upon your head,'
They answered all together:
'Buy from us with a golden curl.'
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red:
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flowed that juice;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;
She sucked until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away,
But gathered up one kernel-stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.

"Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings:
'Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours?
But ever in the moonlight
She pined and pined away;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more but dwindled and grew
gray;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low:
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so.'"

We tremble as we read the contrast, suddenly resulting, between the two golden-haired sisters:—

"Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed;
Talked as modest maidens should:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright day's de-
light,
One longing for the night."

We shudder over the weird change in poor Laura:—

"Day after day, night after night,
 Laura kept watch in vain
 In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
 She never caught again the goblin cry :
 'Come buy, come buy ;'—
 She never spied the goblin-men
 Hawking their fruits along the glen :
 But when the moon waxed bright
 Her hair grew thin and gray ;
 She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
 To swift decay and burn
 Her fire away.

"She no more swept the house,
 Tended the fowls or cows,
 Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
 Brought water from the brook :
 But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
 And would not eat."

Till at last, as with Effie and Jeanie Deans,
 the one sister risks all to save the other ; and
 Lizzie, putting a silver penny in her purse,
 sets out to buy from the goblin-men !—

"Laughed every goblin
 When they spied her peeping :
 Came towards her hobbling,
 Flying, running, leaping,
 Puffing and blowing,
 Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
 Clucking and gobbling,
 Mopping and mowing,
 Full of airs and graces,
 Pulling wry faces,
 Demure grimaces,
 Catlike and ratlike,
 Ratel- and wombat-like,
 Snail-paced in a hurry,
 Parrot-voiced and whistler,
 Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
 Chattering like magpies,
 Fluttering like pigeons,
 Gliding like fishes,—
 Hugged her and kissed her,
 Squeezed and caressed her :
 Stretched up their dishes,
 Panniers, and plates :
 'Look at our apples
 Russet and dun,
 Bob at our cherries,
 Bite at our peaches,
 Citrons, and dates,
 Grapes for the asking,
 Pears red with basking
 Out in the sun,
 Plums on their twigs ;
 Pluck them and suck them,
 Pomegranates, figs.' "

Here is a picture of the spite which goblin-
 men show, when you will not eat with them
 of their strange fruits :—

"They trod and hustled her,
 Elbowed and jostled her,
 Clawed with their nails,

Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
 Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
 Twisted her hair out by the roots,
 Stamped upon her tender feet,
 Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
 Against her mouth to make her eat."

We are relieved to find that Lizzie, neverthe-
 less, escapes in safety :—

"At last the evil people,
 Worn out by her resistance,
 Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
 Along whichever road they took,
 Not leaving root or stone or shoot ;
 Some writhed into the ground,
 Some dived into the brook
 With ring and ripple,
 Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
 Some vanished in the distance."

"She cried 'Laura,' up the garden,
 'Did you miss me ?
 Come and kiss me.
 Never mind my bruises,
 Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
 Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
 Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
 Eat me, drink me, love me ;
 Laura, make much of me :
 For your sake I have braved the glen
 And had to do with goblin merchant-men."

Laura's penitence is as mysterious as her
 sin ; but we are beyond measure soothed and
 comforted when we learn this :—

"But when the first birds chirped about their
 eaves,
 And early reapers plodded to the place
 Of golden shelves,
 And dew-wet grass
 Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
 And new buds with new day
 Opened of cuplike lilies on the stream,
 Laura awoke as from a dream,
 Laughed in the innocent old way,
 Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice ;
 Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of
 gray,
 Her breath was sweet as May,
 And light danced in her eyes."

Very beautiful are the simple lines which fol-
 low :—

"Days, weeks, months, years,
 Afterwards, when both were wives
 With children of their own ;
 Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
 Their lives bound up in tender lives ;
 Laura would call the little ones
 And tell them of her early prime,
 Those pleasant days long gone
 Of not-returning time :

Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat,
But poison in the blood."

There are other poems in the volume full of serious power and purpose, and full also of poetry and passion. The sonnet, entitled "Rest," is one of the finest of these; and the brief, but full of meaning, "Up-hill," the gentle page, "Consider the Lilies of the Field," and the less openly intelligible but beautiful "From House to Home," prove the

versatility, as well as the originality of genius, which has fallen to the share of this young writer. Many verses of Miss Rossetti, scattered through other works, make many readers familiar with her writings; but incomparably the best of her compositions is the "Goblin Market," which may vie with Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," in its degree, for the vivid and wonderful power by which things unreal and mystic are made to blend and link themselves with the every-day images and events of common life.

AN English magazine, called *The Nevsky Magazine: A Monthly Journal of Literature, Science, and Art*, was started some little time ago in St. Petersburg, under the joint editorship of Mr. Charles Edward Turner, Professor of English Literature at the Imperial Alexander Lyceum, and Mr. T. H. Harrison, another English resident in St. Petersburg. Four numbers of the magazine, in addition to a preliminary or trial number, have reached us. The appearance of these numbers—printed, we understand, entirely by Russian compositors who are ignorant of English—is very creditable; and the contents are interesting. A considerable portion of these contents consists exactly of such articles as appear in our magazines at home—reviews of recent books, essays on remarkable English writers, tales, sketches, and pieces of verse. Such contributions, written as they are by English residents in Russia, or by Russian friends of theirs, will doubtless, on that very account, be gladly received by the more intelligent and cultured members of the English colony in Russia, as well as by educated Russians interested in English literature. But a more characteristic portion of the contents of *The Nevsky Magazine* consists of articles which may be described as Anglo-Russian in their substance and purport—i.e., articles specially intended to convey information about Russian matters to Englishmen, and about English matter to Russians, and to further a good understanding between the two nations. Thus, in the numbers before us, we have two articles on "English and Russian Systems of Education," an article criticising the performance of Hamlet at one of the St. Petersburg theatres by the Russian actor Samoiloff, an article by a Russian contributor entitled "A Few Words on Contemporary Russian Literature," etc. Such articles might have a peculiar interest among ourselves; and it might be well that, for the sake of them, some copies of *The Nevsky Magazine* should regularly reach England.—Reader.

A BOTANICAL as well as an archaeological curiosity is seen now at Hildesheim in Germany.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE.

1089

Ancient legends connect, if not the foundation of this city, at least the foundation of its see by the Emperor Louis the Pious, the son of Charles the Great, with a certain wild-rose tree, which is supposed to have stood in its present place on the cemetery of the Dome long before even those days. Although documentary evidence as to its existence in Charles the Great's time is wanting, it is yet distinctly mentioned in a document of Bishop Hezilo, who in 1078 carried a fence around it. There is no doubt whatever that it is the oldest rose-tree in Europe; and for centuries it has attracted the attention of naturalists in a high degree. But the most extraordinary circumstance is this, that two new shoots have come out of the root in the course of this summer, the one of which has already reached a height of twelve feet, and its diameter measures no less than an inch near the root.

THE July number of the *Natural History Review* devotes forty pages to an account of the proceedings of the recent conference in France to inquire into the circumstances attending the discovery of the famous Abbeville jaw-bone. The account, which appears under the names of Dr. Falconer, Professor Bask, and Dr. Carpenter, is sure to be read with interest.

THE first instalment of a book of "Bohemian and Moravian Legends" in German, edited by Grohmann, has been issued. It is the first attempt to bring these out-of-the-way legends before the world.

DURING the month of July six hundred and fifty-eight tickets of admission were sold to visitors to the excavations at Pompeii.

BARNES's "Notes on St. Matthew" have been translated into Chinese by a native Christian at Hong-Kong.—Reader.

THE clergy of Natal have addressed a strong remonstrance to Bishop Colenso.

From The Examiner, 12 Sept.

DESPERATE SOUTHERN PROJECT.

THE worst sign of the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy is the proposal to enlist half a million of negroes. Half a dozen lost battles and cities would not denote so desperate a condition as this expedient. In the first place, and the very best that can be said of it, the proposal is impracticable. The whole adult male population of the blacks is about 800,000, from which number must be deducted some incapable of service from age and infirmities, and others whom it would be imprudent to trust with arms. When all these are struck off, the levy of the able-bodied and faithfully disposed will probably be reduced much below the half million. But if a force of 500,000 could be raised it would be master of the country, and would be able both to command its freedom without waiting for the end of the war, and also to help itself to something more tempting than fifty acres of land for each man. The proportion of the black soldiery to the white would be similar to that of the sepoy to the British army before the mutiny. But there would be this important difference in the two cases, that our Indian Government had not a mighty war on its hands of which its native mercenaries could take advantage. We take the whole available Southern force not to exceed 200,000 men, and if half a million of slaves could be enlisted, how are they to be officered? It cannot be contemplated to place them under negro command, and to officer them with whites at least twenty-five thousand officers must be withdrawn from the Confederate armies. There are not so many employed or to be had, for by all accounts the Southern forces are either under-officered or officered in the lower grades by men very deficient in experience. But these last would be peculiarly unfit to discipline and hold together black troops, who would require the constant attention and presence of whites to keep them to their duty. All would depend on the efficiency of captains of companies, their subalterns, and non-commissioned officers. But whence could the qualified officers be had? If from the Southern army, that army would be unofficered to supply the draught, and one force would thus be spoilt in the attempt to make another, the superior sacrificed to the inferior.

The case of the Federal black levies is quite different. The Federals have proceeded experimentally on a small scale. They have, no doubt, carefully picked their men, and confined themselves to a few battalions, whose misconduct, had it occurred, would have had no consequences of importance to the issue of the war. But the reported Southern proj-

ect would commit the fortunes of the Confederacy to the hands of the blacks. The arming of 500,000 slaves would, in effect, be the arming of so many masters. To hold out the prospect of rewards to such a force is an absurdity worthy of the imagination of Rabelais or Swift. "You shall have freedom and fifty acres at the end of the war if you serve faithfully," are the conditions proposed. "We will take them at once," would be the reply of half a million, "and not wait to run the chance of being shot in the mean while." The proposal is monstrous and impracticable, but it has important significance, as indicating the extreme military wants of the Confederacy, and the wild expedients at which it snatches, and which it will have to abandon or ruefully to repent. The only prospect we can see of the subjugation of the South would be through such an act of madness as we are now considering, giving the mastery of the situation to the slaves. As it is, the Confederate armies may need recruiting, but assuming for a moment what we do not believe, that they may be finally unable to cope with the forces of the North, the resource of a guerilla warfare would yet remain, and a much greater difficulty than that of the French in Spain would be that of the Federal armies of occupation in the immense hostile territory of the South. A hornet's nest would be a paradise in comparison. But give the enemy allies in half a million of armed and embodied slaves, who have every temptation to turn their hands against their nominal masters, and a complete conquest becomes possible. But, happily, the folly of the proposal carries with it its corrective in impracticability. The half million will never be raised, nor probably a fifth part of it; and even that proportion would be unmanageable, and the scheme will be abandoned when the matter is looked into in a practical way, especially as to the officering, upon which wholly would depend the safety and efficiency of such a force.

In these remarks we have not counted much upon the fidelity of the slaves. We do not believe that their attachment to their masters would prove stronger than their immediate self-interests, inviting them to use their power to seize their freedom and secure their fortunes. The temptation would be too great for any fidelity that can grow out of a condition of slavery. But let us assume that upon improved consideration the project is abandoned. What, then, is the worst that can happen to the Confederacy? Its armies may be broken up into fragments, scattered over the country, which will carry on the same sort of desultory warfare with the Northerners that the Poles are doing with the Russians. Now what is the great endeavor and difficulty

of the Russians? To get the insurgents into masses that may be crushed by the superior force and tactics of the disciplined troops. But this is what has not been accomplished. Bands appear suddenly, surprise posts, cut off detachments, keep the Russians perpetually on the alert, and vanish as they came when any superior force is concentrating against them. It is a musquito warfare, sting and flight, to sting again.

From The Spectator, 12 Sept.

THE SECESSION POLICY IN COLLAPSE.

WE have as yet no confirmation of the startling rumor that President Davis, who proposed to rest his Government on the corner-stone of slavery, has decided to rest it instead on the corner-stone of abolition principles;—for the enrollment of an army of 500,000 slaves, each guaranteed his freedom and a fifty-acre freehold, would mean practically the emancipation of all the slaves in the South. The families of half a million of men fit for war could not number much under two millions, and, of course, their emancipation and embodiment as soldiers would be impossible without the emancipation of the wives and children who are to live with them at the end of the war on the promised farms. Now, as there are probably not more than three million slaves left to the South, it would obviously be both impossible and foolish to attempt to keep "the balance" in slavery when the great majority had been set free. We may fairly assume, then, that if the rumor had any truth in it, it would involve the absolute reversal of the Southern policy, the final abandonment of slavery—the guarantee of freedom. We see that our Southern contemporary the *Index* gives serious credit to the rumor, and is inclined to claim the South at once as the great champion of emancipation and freedom. Probably, therefore, Mr. Mason does not wholly reject it. But there are various very strong reasons for still regarding the rumor as a fable. In the first place, it would not only be a violent revolution in policy, for the very man, who bribed the Cotton States into rebellion by a promise of the extension of slavery, to sustain them in rebellion by extinguishing it,—but it would be a most violent political revolution also. There is no power given to the Southern President to deal with either the slaves or the land of the Confederate States at all. There is not only no power given to his Congress to do so, but by the Confederate constitution the Congress is absolutely prohibited from touching slavery. By the ninth section of the first article of that constitution, "*No law deny-*

ing or impairing the right of property in negro slaves shall be passed," and according to this report, therefore, the President of the Southern States, after consultation with a few of the governors of the various States in his Confederacy, has determined not only to reverse the only distinctive principle of the new polity, but to violate the most express provisions of the constitution by sacrificing arbitrarily both the land and slaves of his own loyal fellow-countrymen. This would be to break faith flagrantly, therefore, with all the States which he had decoyed into rebellion, by taking from them legal rights which the old Government never even menaced. We do not find it easy to give any credit at all to such a rumor without very much more authority than we have yet had for it. We conceive, too, that were the decree true, its only effect would be to induce many of the Southern States at once to shake off Mr. Davis's authority, and compromise on any terms with the old Union. Of one thing we are sure, that any movement in this direction would determine the Border States once and for all to take a decisive part with the North,—that is, not only Kentucky, but Tennessee and North Carolina, where there are already abundant indications of the rise of a violent disgust towards the Confederate Government. We doubt very much, again, whether the slaves themselves would be bribed even by this magnificent offer into siding with the power which has hanged and shot so many of their brethren simply for doing what they would then be invited to do, i.e., serving as soldiers on the side of the Government which had offered them freedom. They would have the game in their own hands, for no white army equally large would exist to control them; and they would probably prefer to trust for their freedom and their freeholds to Mr. Lincoln, who has always resisted the extension, and who a year ago struck a blow at the very existence of slavery, rather than to Mr. Davis, who organized a rebellion in order that slavery might range wider, strike deeper, and become altogether a more hopeless condition than before, and who bound himself and his legislature by solemn constitutional vows never to undermine it.

But however little credit may attach to the rumor, the mere fact that it is discussed among the desperate expedients to which the able and unprincipled statesmen of the Confederacy may yet be tempted to resort ought to teach the dim-sighted and querulous English politicians, who have so long been shrieking out their parrot cry that the war is one which never had a justification and never can have any good result, how weak and futile is their judgment of the greatest, if the most

inadequately interpreted, issue on which the citizens of the same commonwealth were ever divided. That the same men who justify—and amply justify—the promoters of our own great civil war, and find a providential justice in it more than “compensating us for its reciprocal cruelties, its one-sided fanaticisms, and the fearful reaction into that “servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love” which it entailed,—that such men can look at the civil war on the American continent, and see in it nothing but purposeless bloodshed and wanton ambition, only shows, perhaps, how much easier it is to read the riddle of the past than that which is evolving itself in the present. But even the blindest ought to catch a glimpse, in such signs of the times as this rumor concerning the Confederate Government, of the working of some greater purpose beneath this play of human passions than it has been given to any war of modern days to work out. For however little basis of fact it may imply, it certainly does imply that a conviction is rapidly growing at the South that the new ship can only be saved; if at all, by throwing her whole cargo overboard,—that if there is any hope for Southern independence it can only be at the cost of every inducement which led to the demand for that independence. And consider for a moment by how strange a path we have reached this involuntary admission of the great slave power that it is beginning to despair of its own dreams, and almost willing to become an instrument in giving them the final death-blow. It has approached by gigantic leaps, taken entirely of its own free will, the edge of the gulf into which it seems now about to plunge. The North has done nothing for half a century back but mete out liberally to it the rope by which at length it seems likely to hang itself. If “resist not evil” had been the first principle of the Free States, they could not more thoroughly have acted upon it till within the last two years. The overwhelming danger which now menaces this power with destruction has been more due to a blind fermentation of the leaven of liberty than to any voluntary and intelligent exercise of the faith in freedom. If this power has even begun to *talk* of transforming slaves into freeholders, it is only the more wonderful testimony to the “divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will” that in so doing it is greatly out-running the slow movement of its great ene-

my’s thought. The docile Conservatism, nay, as we have sometimes been tempted to say, the almost half-witted Constitutionalism of the North has scarcely even yet clearly realized the broad principle of the battle it is now fighting. It made every conceivable concession rather than fight it at all, broke down its own chosen barriers, gave up its own favorite compromises, yielded to every fresh encroachment, offered bribes even after the last indignity, and almost implored the South with suppliant hands not to *force* it to battle for the freedom of an alien race. And yet, in spite of all this,—nay, probably in consequence of it, for if checked sooner and more firmly the South would never have rushed headlong into the present *cul de sac*,—we now find both North and South competing for the adhesion of the injured race, and the negroes themselves in apparent possession of the weight which will turn the balance of power in favor of either combatant. And yet people cry out,—because one English province is suffering terribly and all English trade is in a pet at the commercial deadlock,—that the war is wanton and purposeless, and must be fruitless of result.

For our own parts, we cannot imagine a grander spectacle of the play of mighty and uncontrollable forces working to an end far beyond the reach of either combatant, than this civil war on the American continent, where freedom has found so slow, so short-sighted, so reluctant, in many respects so unworthy, and yet so mighty a champion, while the most original and intellectual statesman of modern times has led on the slave power to the most brilliant and yet disastrous of onsets, terminating in a despair that is even now filling its proud heart with dreams of a picturesque and passionate suicide. We do not so much wonder that the limited sympathies of English politicians are unable to choose a definitive side in this great conflict; but that they should ignore the signs of a mighty revolution, only the mightier that it works alike through the instrumentality of those who hate it, of those who dread it even while they forward it, and of the very few who accept it heartily and serve it willingly, would not be explicable at all, were it not so common with us to close our eyes against what we do not *wish* to understand, and to insist on reading off events by the light of fastidious tastes and self-fostered prejudices.

From The Spectator, 12 Sept.

THE TWO CAROLINAS AND THE WAR.

THE occupation of Charleston, which now seems rather a question of time than of possibility, would certainly strike a greater blow at the Confederacy than could be accounted for by its mere physical results, though they, too, would be important. It would not only shut up the greatest stream of supplies of ammunition and the other *matériel* of war, and present a new point from which to operate on the Confederate armies; but it would bring home to the very head and front of the Secession policy the disastrous results of the war. The New York papers have clearly not forgotten that South Carolina planned all the abortive conspiracies, and was the first to lead the way in the last and most successful effort of rebellion. They exult with vehement vindictiveness over the penalty which has at last fallen so heavily on the chief criminal, and see in it a sort of divine retribution. That is not the tone which any Englishman would wish to take, but a very impressive lesson as to the *rationale* of the whole war may be drawn from the present very different situation and attitude of the two Carolinas.

They represent with very tolerable exactness the two extremes of feeling in the Slave States. Both sections are, of course, anxious to maintain slavery; but there their community of feeling ceases. The feeling of their leading men and chief citizens towards the old Union has always been very different, and is now almost opposite.—South Carolina almost exaggerating the restless hatred felt by the Gulf States themselves for union with the Yankees—North Carolina feeling, and now very boldly expressing that feeling, strongly favorable to it,—taking, indeed, very much the same ground as the mountain freeholders of East Tennessee, who will soon be able to claim the support of Rosecrans's army, if that general should succeed in driving General Johnston out of Chattanooga. The *Raleigh Standard*, the principal organ of the capital of North Carolina, and a paper whose popularity is rapidly extending amidst cries from the Secessionists for its immediate suppression, has holdly stood forward to point out the utter failure and crime of the Secession policy in an article to which we called attention last week. It coldly remarks that no one of the promises of the Confederacy has been accomplished, that so far from extending the area of slavery,—the object for which they in North Carolina were dragged into the war without any interest in its result,—that area has been rapidly contracting, so that slavery in their own State will soon be threatened; and that the State rights, in retaining which they have a great interest, and which

were the other great plea of the war, have been systematically invaded by the Secessionist Government, while they were never even menaced by the old Union. This article is, as we mentioned last week, from the pen of the Honorable R. S. Donnell, Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was aided in its preparation by the president of the Governor's Council, and it is said at all events, that it was read and approved before its publication by Governor Vance. In any case, it has secured a rapidly extending popularity in the State for the paper in which it appeared, and vehement threats of suppression from the opposite party, which the Confederate power is at present, in all probability, too weak there, and too embarrassed elsewhere, to care to enforce. There can be no doubt that, while South Carolina represents the most vindictive anti-Union feeling in the South, North Carolina and East Tennessee represent the most Conservative feeling which can be found in the Slave States, of dislike to the revolutionary policy; and a wish to thwart it, and compromise the quarrel, which is, in fact, the greatest danger and most imminent temptation of the anti-slavery policy in the North. But on this latter point we do not propose now to touch. It is worth while to consider a little the cause of this great difference of feeling between States so closely connected; as it will, in fact, throw much light on the whole meaning of the rebellion.

The war has always been, in motive, less a struggle between slavery and freedom than an effort of the *large* slave system—the plantation system—to be rid of the drag put upon it by the rest of the Union. The small freeholders, wherever and however they lived, whether among the mountains of Tennessee, with two or three "servants hired for life," as Mr. Carlyle might with somewhat less of flagrant injustice call these slaves of the smaller farmers, or in the States of New England, far from all taint of slavery,—were always, and for very much the same kind of reasons, warmly attached to the Union. There is nothing like a wide-spread tenure of small freeholds to inspire both the virtues and the narrower prejudices which belong to the temperament of sober republicans,—the Conservative pride, the sober love of equality, the dislike to change of all sorts, and an excessive dislike to aristocratic assumptions. To all these feelings the very name of the "Union" was a fascination. It had a republican sound. It appeared to express nothing but an equal association of States for purposes of common moment, and yet it did express a very great national power and authority, which gave each freeholder a pride in his country. It satisfied at once the municipal feeling, the republican feeling, and the national feeling of the

yeoman. It gave him a strong government, and yet enabled him to feel, in some sense, on a level with his government. And among the small farmers of this kind, who are the great country party of the Northern States, a very important element in the poorer soils and mountain districts of the Slave States, and of some little weight even in the South, there never was any feeling but one of almost passionate conservatism for the Union. They did not much care to change anything. They did not realize the evil of slavery, and were quite willing—so far, like English Tories—to let it alone. But they would rather have sacrificed anything than their favorite form of government,—the actual constitution under which they live always taking a strong hold on the imagination of land-owners, and a republican constitution taking especial hold on the imagination of a popular class of freeholders. North Carolina and East Tennessee, especially the latter, belong distinctly to this group of Slave States. In North Carolina the slaves are not, indeed, less numerous in proportion to the white population than they formerly were in Virginia; but they are held on small farms instead of on large tobacco plantations. Mr. Olmsted wrote long ago: "The aspect of North Carolina with regard to slavery is, in some respects, less lamentable than that of Virginia. There is not only less bigotry upon the subject, and more freedom of conversation, but I saw here, in the institution, more of patriarchal character than in any other State. The slave more frequently appears as a family servant—a member of his master's family, interested with him in his fortune, good or bad. This is a result of the less concentration of wealth in families or individuals, occasioned by the circumstances I have described. Slavery thus loses much of its inhumanity;" and we now see this poverty, this small-farm system, telling in favor of the Union sentiment. In East Tennessee the same cause is far more strongly at work. That department of the State gave a majority *against* Secession of more than two to one,—an absolute majority of 18,155, in spite of an incursion of Confederate soldiers, who voted at the elections like the Missouri Border Ruffians in Kansas. The State was carried for Secession, but the mountain part of it was thoroughly penetrated by Union feeling. In this eastern part of the State, there were in 1860 but 26,504 slaves to a total population of 232,021 inhabitants, or less than one in ten; and, again, we hear from Mr. Olmsted, and many other authorities, how opposed to slavery *extension* was the sentiment there—how favorable to the Union.

South Carolina is the centre of the opposite feeling. There the system of plantation slavery attains its climax. With only 291,388

white freemen, it had, in 1860, 402,406 slaves, a larger proportion of slaves to whites than in any other State of the Union; and there is abundant evidence that these are chiefly distributed on the *large* system, not as farm laborers, but as plantation gangs. In some *counties* the black population is more than *six* times the white. Here, then, as in Mississippi, we have the very centre of the *market* feeling towards slaves—the speculative, restless feeling engendered by large profits and an economic use of slaves,—for it is certain that the most effective use of the *system*, in a business point of view, is also the most fatal to the slave and to his relations with his master. Here the sense of mere ownership, as distinguished from Mr. Carlyle's "hiring for life," reaches its highest point, and here, consequently, the political results of slavery take their most characteristic and angry form. South Carolina has always represented and even exaggerated the violent and domineering position of the Southern States. It was South Carolina that led the way to disunion by nullification of the tariff in 1832, when she was so summarily put down by President Jackson; it was South Carolina which led the way in advocating secession again, just before the Southern victory on the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850; in 1855 it was a representative of South Carolina (Mr. Brooks) who so truculently assaulted and half killed Mr. Sumner in the Senate House, who was presented with a cane by the ladies of South Carolina for that piece of brutality, and when expelled from the House of Representatives was immediately sent back to it by his enraptured constituents. It was South Carolina's glorious example and flag which inspired the Border Ruffians in Kansas in 1856; it was the Senate of South Carolina which first carried a resolution in favor of re-opening the slave *trade* in 1859; vigilance committees in South Carolina offered rewards for the heads of their enemies (anti-slavery agitators) after the election of Mr. Lincoln; it was the convention of this State which first decreed separation; and it was South Carolina which first seized the Government-fort, Moultrie, and which committed the first act of war in assaulting Fort Sumter. South Carolina has, in short, been the typical Slave State,—its political history throughout the Union having been one of violence, passion, and truculence,—of political gambling and adventure; its characteristic temperament that which the plantation system, with its large gains and cruel method, cherishes, but which there gains still greater power by its alliance with more political capacity and experience than could till very recently be found in the new Cotton States on the Gulf.

We may be sure that if the North can

gain and hold firmly Mississippi, Louisiana, and the political spring of the rebellion, South Carolina, there will not long be any sufficient theatre for the speculative plantation system which inspired the great desire for slavery extension, and even for the re-opening of the slave trade. The small freeholders of the mountain States and the poor soils are not in any way friendly to the grand Secession schemes. On their soil slavery would gradually die out, and die unregretted. And the danger will be lest the North now make too much concession to their wishes. The *virus* of the slavery policy is to be found in South Carolina and the Gulf States, though Virginia has hitherto chivalrously interposed her noble and harder race between the principal offenders and their foes. The small yeomanry of the Slave States will be found, in general, far more favorable to the Union than to the dangerous and ambitious schemes of the pro-slavery crusaders.

From The Economist, 19 Sept.

RIGHT OF BRITISH SHIPWRIGHTS TO BUILD IRONCLADS.

It is now understood that the Government have made up their minds not to allow the two steam-rans constructed in Messrs. Laird's yards at Birkenhead to leave the Mersey unless satisfactory evidence can be furnished that they are not built for the Confederate Government, nor likely on some merely colorable pretext to find their way into that service. They have not been formally seized, but a distinct intimation has been conveyed to the builders that they will be seized should such a step become necessary. We discussed the general question as to the law, justice, and expediency of seizures of this nature so fully last week, that we only refer to the subject again because there is one feature in the case which has not, we think, received the attention it deserves.

Although the Government, from motives of policy, are wisely resolved to attempt to exercise the power which the clause in the foreign Enlistment Act is supposed to give them of stopping the construction and sale of vessels of war to the American belligerents,—we scarcely apprehend that, in the event of an appeal to the tribunals, they will be more successful in the case of these ironclads than they were in that of the *Alessandra*. It may perhaps be well to *try*, though it is damaging to the Executive authority to *fail*. The real intent and scope of the law must be admitted to be open to dispute. All things considered, however, we apprehend that all which the existing law, as interpreted and carried out by the ordinary courts of justice, will be able

to effect, will be to prevent such vessels from leaving our ports ready armed and equipped, and therefore in a condition to defend themselves against capture, or to inflict injury on their enemies. The cruisers of the menaced party must do the rest. We incline, moreover, to think not only that this is all the Act can do, but that it is all it was designed to do. If it sought to do more, it was so ambiguously worded and leaves open so many avenues of evasion, as to be insufficient for its end; and if the Government attempts to make it do more, its uncertainty and the feebleness of its grasp will probably become obvious. Now the interpretation of an existing law is a matter for the judges and tribunals of the land; the execution of the law as so interpreted is a matter for the Administration; but the question whether the law shall be amended or supplemented so as to meet the demands and complaints of foreign powers, is a matter for the country and for Parliament, and must be decided on grounds of policy and not on technical points. It will be well, therefore, to consider gravely and dispassionately whether it would be prudent or expedient to pass an enactment calculated to throw any impediment in the way of the development of the special branch of industry in which Mr. Laird's building-yard has attained such a marked pre-eminence.

We have no hesitation in answering this question in the negative. The inducements to pass such an enactment are temporary—the wish to conciliate the United States and to avoid a possible quarrel with that irritated people. The inducements to abstain from such an enactment are enduring, general, and overwhelmingly strong,—and are based upon a regard for the manifest and permanent interests of England.

No ephemeral object of political expediency can be so momentous as the securing to Great Britain the supremacy in such a branch of trade as the construction of ships of war. No temporary danger can be so great as the suffering this supremacy to pass into other hands. All our efforts should be directed to make ourselves the great warship-builders in the world, to surpass all rivals, to engross all orders, to prevent any serious competition from springing up elsewhere. Every fresh experience of actual warfare, every fresh development of naval and military science, alike point to the conclusion that ironclads and steam-rans, and monitors, and war vessels of yet undreamed construction, will hereafter be the most formidable instruments both for attack and defence; and that the nation which can build these best, can build them fastest, can build them in the greatest numbers, will have a superiority inalienable, unassailable, and decisive over all other nations. We need this

superiority more than any other country, because we are richer and more envied, more commercial, and with more extensive and scattered domains than any other; and because we are more maritime and less military than most other great powers. We shall be less likely to misuse this superiority, because we are more just, less aggressive, and more pacific than any of our principal rivals. We have this superiority now; we have every motive for retaining it; we have every facility for clinging to it, augmenting it, improving it into absolute and uncontested supremacy. If our vessels of war are in all respects the best that can be made anywhere—if they are newer, better designed, better constructed, more formidable and resistless—we shall gradually acquire something like a virtual monopoly in the art—an art, in the present unfortunate state of the world, about the most important and lucrative that any nation can practise. With such a virtual monopoly we shall be safe. To the acquisition of such a virtual monopoly all the exertions of our scientific engineers, all the enterprise of our manufacturing firms, all the encouragement and facilities legitimately affordable by our Government, ought to be directed in unison. It is not merely the establishment of a profitable branch of trade that is at stake—it is the future security and peace of our native land. If we are right in the high estimate we form of the national value of unquestioned preponderance in the shipwright's art,—and who will say that we are wrong?—then surely, the notion of hampering, or punishing, or discouraging those who devote themselves and their wealth and talents to its prosecution, is the very last which an English Government or Legislature should entertain;—and to forego this needed and desirable supremacy, or run any risk of impairing it, or jeopardize it in any fashion, for the sake of averting the anger of those who were angry with us before the keel of the *Florida* was laid, and who will be angry with us still if a dozen *Alessandras* were to be seized, would be the wretchedest bargain ever made on earth since Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. The French Government, we may be quite certain, would never dream of throwing away natural advantages like ours, for any such motive, or by any such interference.

It will scarcely be argued that such seizures as that intended in the case of the *Alabama*, and actually carried out in the case of the *Alessandra*, and such embargoes as those laid on the steam-rams in dock, do not amount to an impediment or a discouragement of the

trade of building ships of war. They amount to an impediment which can scarcely be overestimated. It may be true enough that Mr. Laird personally and directly is no loser by any of these interferences. Very possibly he is paid beforehand; possibly also he may contract to build and deliver in his own yards, and not on any foreign station. But how many orders may be withheld, or directed elsewhere, by the dread of these interferences? People who give orders wish them executed with punctuality—wish to be able to rely upon the execution of them with certainty. A few such disappointments or involuntary breaches of contract as have occurred in the Birkenhead shipyard, would induce most customers to take their orders to some foreign rival of Mr. Laird, who had no Enlistment Act to fear. It may be that at present he has no rivals elsewhere who can approach him; but there can be no doubt that, if he had, such a restrictive law as ours, and such action as our Government has founded upon that law, would act as a bonus of fifty per cent. to such rivals; and under such a bonus foreign rivals would spring up rapidly; and such a bonus would go far to neutralize all original advantages of capital, iron, enterprise, and skill. Most belligerents—or powers that expected to become belligerents—would decide to order an inferior vessel from a Belgian or a French shipwright, which they could rely upon receiving, to a very superior one from the Mersey or the Clyde, which might be confiscated just when they were expecting it most anxiously.

Now, as a matter of wise policy and plain justice, it would seem advisable that the builders of ships in this country should be relieved from disadvantages and fetters. By the common law of nations, a vessel of war is a commercial commodity in which neutral citizens may innocently, though at their own hazard, deal. We ought to announce to the world, what we surely must be sensible of ourselves, that the trade of constructing ships of all sorts is so vital to the interests of this country, that under no circumstances will we sanction any obstacles which could limit or discourage its development. Let the nation consider this matter well. It has an importance far transcending any mere question as to the technical violation of existing law. We honor the inventor of the Armstrong guns: why should we vituperate and persecute the most successful builder of steam-rams, or floating-batteries, or swift-sailing cruisers?

From The Spectator, 19 Sept.

MR. LINCOLN'S LETTER.

LANGUAGE with Mr. Lincoln is certainly no instrument for concealing thought. It is difficult to imagine anything more lucid, more oppressively clear, than the quaint state paper which he has addressed in the form of a letter to the Unionist League held in the capital of Illinois. The almost brutal directness which is the specialty of working men's politics is just tempered, and as it were clarified, by passing through the brain of a half-bred lawyer; but it still visibly impresses itself on the thought. The letter is evidently the President's own, and with all whose brains are not clouded by a fastidious taste it will raise the existing estimate of his sagacity. It is at once a defence of his policy, an argument for its continuance, and a speculation upon the future, all couched in language the laboring masses can comprehend, and all frank to a degree which, if fatal to dignity, strongly tends to produce conviction. Mr. Lincoln seizes in a moment on the two points which excite dissension within the North, and addresses himself to them and them only. Passing by all minor criticisms in a silence which, were he a cultivated man, Englishmen would acknowledge to be magnanimous, he addresses himself to his real opponents, those who dislike war as a means of preserving the Union, and those who dislike emancipation even as a war measure. It is on these two points that, as he well knows, internal resistance is alone to be feared. He says nothing of state rights, for the nation has already decided that they must be kept in abeyance; nothing of the conscription, for if the people accept his end they must also furnish the means; nothing of the "invasions of constitutional law," for, his object once acknowledged to be that of the people, those also will pass in silence. He devotes himself entirely to the two real grounds of opposition, and on both all candid men must admit he makes out a case far better than any which the pens of his party have as yet made for him.

His assertion is that his war policy, wise or unwise, righteous or wicked, popular or disliked, is still inevitable. The constant assertion of Democrats is that they want peace, and Mr. Lincoln at once accepts peace as his first object also; but how is it to be obtained? The Union may be given up, and that would produce immediate peace; but before that step can be taken the people must give their assent, which they have shown no disposition to do. Peace may also be conquered; but that Mr. Lincoln is striving to the best of his power to effect, and it is not to the conduct of the war that opposition is

now directed. There remains a compromise, and this is the solution to which Democrats really look. They think in a vague and ill-defined but still very evident way that, by offering the South new guarantees or new powers, or a new position within the Union,—for example, by making the Presidency depend on a majority within *both* sections,—they might tempt the wayward sisters back to the ancient home. They believe, and, indeed, say, that there are groups of men in the South who only want security, and that it is the leaders rather than the people who so absolutely reject all terms. Mr. Lincoln meets all that theory by a point-blank denial of its data. There may, of course, be Union men in the South, and he is for many reasons careful not to deny that such a class may exist. But it is at best powerless. It is the Southern army which rules the South, and, therefore, the Southern army with whom a compromise, if it is to be made at all, must be arranged. "Any offer of terms made by any man or men in opposition to that army is simply nothing for the present, because such man or men have no power whatever to enforce their side of a compromise, if one were made with them." No "compromise will keep General Lee's army out of Pennsylvania," and, therefore, no compromise, unless made with Lee, can possibly produce a peace. The only body which could ensure peace is that which rules the army, and from that body "no word or intimation has to the President's knowledge ever come. All charges and intimations to the contrary are deceptive or groundless," for had they arrived they would have been at once explained to the people. The rulers of the South, in other words, intend to fight on, and there is nothing for it but either to give them their way, i.e., dissolve the Union, or to fight on too, and decide at last which of the two great sections can enforce its will. It would be difficult to state the whole case more accurately, for, be it remembered, the President is not addressing Englishmen. Most of us think, even those who are friendly to the North, that the North would act wisely in *offering* one form of compromise, namely, independence within the Mississippi, if only for the sake of settling themselves right with Europe. But Mr. Lincoln knows his people, knows that their object is not this or that boundary, but the Union—the splendid dream of an empire which shall cover a continent and be the refuge of the human race. It is his own dream also, and he passes by the fourth alternative with as supreme an indifference as any king could show to a proposal for conceding terms to rebels in arms. Within his own limits, however, the argument is as irrefragable as it is clearly stated. The South asks

nothing save a dissolution of the Union, therefore to preserve the Union the South must be defeated. That is no answer to outside critics who, like ourselves, look on the Union as at best a very doubtful good; but it is a full answer to his own internal critics, and it will have a tremendous effect. Half the agitation existing in the States arises from the belief that some kind of compromise is still possible, that the South has made secret offers, that the war is not exclusively waged for the maintenance of the Union. Mr. Lincoln's letter will dispel that belief, for both parties, whatever their view of his character, know him to be utterly honest, and will accept his word. The result will be to produce in the North the conviction already rooted in the President's mind that the alternatives for America lie between an independent South and a South avowedly subjugated by arms. As no section in the North is as yet prepared for any result which does not include the Union, the effect will be to intensify the public conviction of the necessity for war, and, therefore, to diminish *pro tanto* public resistance to the measures without which the war cannot be carried on.

On the second point, emancipation, the letter is not remarkable so much for its arguments, though these are sufficiently forcible, as for the shrewdness with which Mr. Lincoln meets the popular Northern mind. He meets not the difficulties which suggest themselves to educated men, or to Englishmen, or even to fanatic pro-slavery men, but simply those which are present to the average American brain. He does not say that the negro being a man has a right to be free, though he implies that that is his private thought, but argues the matter simply on legal grounds. If the negro is anything except a citizen of the United States or an alien sojourning there, in either of which cases the proclamation was at least legal, he is property. Being property used to assist the war, the Commander-in-Chief of the army had a right to seize it, or destroy its usefulness, and the proclamation did no more. The President indulges in no philanthropy, breaks into no enthusiasm, obviously cares as little as other Americans about the negro himself. He simply defends his right under any theory as to the negro *status* to destroy his master's use of him for military purposes. So with respect to the second offence of arming the black man. The President does not plead any abstract idea

whatever. He simply says that, "whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers leaves just as much less for white soldiers to do." "But negroes, like other people, act upon motives; why should they do anything for us if we do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom, and the promise being made, must be kept." It is not very elevated all that, or very eloquent, and it wants to English ears some admission of those rights existing in the negro on which all questions of emancipation must always be ultimately based. But it exactly meets the objections which occur to the Democratic freeholder, and supported as it is by the facts, viz., that negroes can, and will, for the price offered, give the service demanded, it will soothe away half the objections a juster utterance would have increased. Even an Irishman can understand that for every black man more there is a white man the less, and that if the black beyond the range of conscription is asked for aid, he must be paid in the price he prefers. He can, it may be urged, see that without the President's aid; and that is undoubtedly true. But the brief official statement tends to disabuse him of the idea that motives other than military expediency have governed the enlistment of the 22,000 blacks now in the Northern service, and, therefore, to remove that vague fear of coming or possible changes which, and not the existing facts, excite his apprehension. The effect is simply to intensify that process so often described in our columns, the slow growth of the Northern conviction that slavery, whether righteous or evil, based on Scripture or born of avarice, is inconsistent with the existence of the Union, with the realization of the one dream which gives color and brilliance to the otherwise earthy American life. That conviction has reached the President, who is still, if not in his reasoning powers, at least in his instincts, the Western working man. He has always been *with*, not before, the mass of the freeholders, and his letter is one more proof that freedom for the black is becoming one of their fixed ideas. The whole drift of Mr. Lincoln's letter, therefore, we take to be this, that the war will proceed until the South is subdued, or re-enters the Union free, or by freeing the blacks deprives the North of their one essential weapon. In either of those three cases slavery is doomed.

From The Spectator, 19 Sept.

LORD PALMERSTON AND MR. LINCOLN.

THE two humorists who are at present virtual dictators of English and American policy, and, each in his way, almost perfect representatives of the political *feeling* of their respective nations, offer many curious points of comparison in the way of contrast or resemblance. It is, of course, not the least of those contrasts that the one is essentially a noble and the other essentially a peasant; the one a man of the world and of society, the other a rail-splitter and an attorney; the one a man saturated with the diplomatic traditions of half a century, the other fresh from local politics and village squabbles. But it is a difference of greater moment that the one was chosen because he had long excited admiration for his shrewdness, ease, and audacity; the other because he had never excited admiration or attention at all out of his native State,—the one because he was conspicuous, the other because he was obscure. It is still more to the purpose that the English statesman's present power is a temporary trust, held only during good behavior, the American's a constitutional lease, guaranteed for a short term of years; so that in the aristocratic country the minister's power, given because he was popular, depends on the endurance of his popularity, in the democratic, the power given because he was unknown is wholly independent of the qualities he evinces now that he is becoming known. These are the most striking contrasts. On the other hand, so far as each has gained personal influence of his own with his own nation, he has gained it much in the same way by interpreting its average wishes and will sagaciously, by anticipating their expression vigorously, and "putting his foot down" boldly, with strong lucid sense, and with something of cynical humor, on a national policy, not too heroic in profession, but carefully toned down to suit the commonplaces of country feeling and resolve. No doubt Mr. Lincoln's personal popularity in America is nothing at all in comparison with Lord Palmerston's here. The Northerners are a little ashamed of the rather vulgar personality which figures so prominently in this great crisis of their history. His mind has shown itself slow and hesitating, though never irresolute when once decided, and his dignity has not been equal on most occasions to ruling his own Cabinet. The consequence is that he has only within the last few months gained any personal, as distinct from his official, political influence, and perhaps it is even now not very large. Still, he is undoubtedly rising in popular esteem, and some of his political professions of faith have had a singular success in

reading off, as it were, the inmost thoughts of the millions of Yankee farmers whose political creed we in England are least able to understand. And these occasional *dicta* of Mr. Lincoln's certainly take a grasp of the American mind not at all unlike the hold which Lord Palmerston's happiest expositions of English policy take of the English mind, and for very much the same sort of reason. They are both strongly logical as well as lucid in mind, though the American's style is sometimes obscured by its deficiencies. Both Mr. Lincoln and Lord Palmerston, again are remarkable for the strongly *secular* character of their political modes of thought, being, indeed,—like Louis Napoleon, Cavour, and almost all the greater politicians of recent times (Ricasoli alone excepted),—singularly careful to disavow undue elevation of sentiment. Mr. Lincoln is as lucid, and, of course, much more homely in explaining that he looks only to considerations of national self-interest as Lord Palmerston himself. Look at the President's letter to the Mass Meeting in Illinois, which we have discussed in another column. It is not refined; it won't *parse*; it ends with a kind of intentional vulgarity, as if Mr. Lincoln wished to speak to the Yankee farmers in their own dialect. Mr. Lincoln jokes, in his lower vernacular, about "Uncle Sam's web feet," to please the farmers, with just as much skill and humor as Lord Palmerston, in his more polished way, has joked about our "Isthmian games" to please the racing gentlemen in the House of Commons. But after allowing for these differences of social latitude, the basis of the noble's and the plebeian's sagacity remains much the same,—a great tact in understanding the deep-rooted conservatism of the people at the present moment and a marvellous real and practical way of laying down before their eyes the practical alternatives still open to them for gratifying that conservatism.

It may seem odd to speak of Mr. Lincoln,—the temporary servant of a powerful democracy engaged in apparently aggressive war,—as the mouth-piece of the conservatism of the country. Yet that is his true power at the present moment even more than Lord Palmerston's in England. The President represents exactly that conservative-aggressive attitude of the public mind in which both English and Northerners are now best pleased to stand. Unfortunately for the United States their conservatism has been put to the test of insult, which ours has not, and consequently the whole conservative force of the country is poured out into the war, because it clings to the Union, and the Union has been broken by the South. But that it is a kind of conservatism proper, and in a certain sense, a far more narrow conservatism than Lord Palmer-

ston represents for England, of which Mr. Lincoln is the most effective spokesman in the United States, the anxiously tentative character of his anti-slavery policy sufficiently shows. Lord Palmerston, in speaking, as he has so often done, to an enthusiastic country, of the wisdom of keeping ready for active measures when you see a powerful opponent "with his hand on the hilt of his sword," has expressed precisely that shade of the sentiment of defiant defensiveness so dear to Englishmen, which actuates the masses whom Mr. Lincoln now rules, though as the scabbard of *their* opponent has been thrown away the defiance is more ostensible and the defensiveness less so. The Northerners are, in their own belief, fighting for national existence, as much as we should be in our belief, in defending our right to Ireland: and Mr. Lincoln probably represents a more phlegmatic, certainly a less enthusiastically warlike phase of the Northern mind, than it would be possible for our great English statesman to assume against the leaders of any semi-successful Irish rebellion. This phlegmatic tone of his manifestoes has always been in singular contrast to the showy productions of Mr. Seward and the newspapers, and betrays the rural and conservative, rather than the great city and propagandist, type of patriotism, in every word. It was the President's frigid declaration that he was for the Union with slavery, if the Union could best be preserved by retaining slavery,—without slavery, if it could best be preserved without it, and partly with and partly without it, if a partial abolition were the most efficient policy, which first won the confidence of the masses for his emancipation views. They, at least, did not want to make war for an idea, but for what they were accustomed to; and Mr. Lincoln delighted and convinced them by so remarkable a saying that he, too, was quite opposed to making war for an idea—for anything but the political reality of the past. And now he has got half a step further, because his people, too, have got half a step further; but his language has still the old secular, phlegmatic ring. He is as anxious as ever to show that the appearance of innovation is nothing but an appearance; that he has resisted steadily the idea of importing a *principle* into the war, of turning it into a moral crusade. The motive and end are utterly unchanged, if the means be new. "I did not ask you," he says, "to be taxed to buy negroes, except in such a way as to save you far greater taxation, to save the Union exclusively by other means." This is not the tone which Lord Palmerston would take if we were once embarked in a war for the conservation of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. He would know that the most petrified English Conservatism,—the national

passions once roused,—would expect and desire stronger language than this, and as much of the form, at least, of making war for a great principle as the circumstances would permit. But, that is one of the results of being led by an aristocracy. They are accustomed to gauge the motive force of great principles as manipulated by great orators and intellectual leaders, and would never lose the advantage of a parliamentary alliance with a great principle if they wished to rouse the people to their full power. In America bare principles appear to have no such power, probably because there is no trained class of intellectual leaders accustomed to estimate the vantage-ground of a great principle. The politicians there habitually live from hand to mouth; and the people, themselves immersed in practical cares, unaccustomed to true political perspective, and very seldom meeting with any principles that are not a "bunkum" cry, get shy of and distrust them. Mr. Lincoln stands on the ancient ways as no aristocratic politician committed to a policy so vast and tasking would dare to do.

But, after all, it is not as representative politicians, but as executive politicians, that the two rulers differ most widely. Mr. Lincoln certainly represents his country quite as adequately as our own Prime Minister; for the former represents it instinctively as an acute specimen of the Manchester operatives, or the French peasant proprietors would represent his class by naively confessing the internal condition of his own mind,—and the latter only as a shrewd statesman, who, after a life of *nonchalant* ambition and many blunders from over-presumption, has at length acquired a distinct knowledge of how far he may safely cling to his own individual ideas,—how far he may express freely, and even with advantage to his popularity, the feelings of the class to which he belongs,—and where he must defer to the sense of dignity or the prejudices entertained by the people. The representative character of the one is nature, of the other a carefully acquired art. But looked at as executive statesmen, the whole disadvantage falls on the backwoodsman,—and since he is not a representative but an executive officer, and his success in the former capacity only aids him in the latter so far as to give him the power to secure a certain sympathy for his views, and does not help him at all in carrying out those views, we have presented to us a very impressive contrast. Mr. Lincoln, as far as we can judge, has, if we except Mr. Chase, been surrounded by men his inferiors in honesty, shrewdness, and perspicuity of mind, but so far his superiors in education, fluency, and in public notoriety that he has been more or less cowed by them. He has not only never kept anything like or-

der, unity, or dignity in his Cabinet, nor exercised control over an expenditure so wasteful that an English minister who had authorized it would have been probably impeached; but worst of all, he has allowed his own Secretary of State and his foreign ministers in Continental Europe to bluster in a style which, though as foreign as possible to his own candid simplicity, has earned his Government the contempt of half the old world. His has been a Cabinet of all the Dodges,—with a man, only now beginning to be really at its head, who, we have good reason to believe, is quite incapable of any dishonest dodge.

Here the extraordinary value of a class of trained executive statesmen shines out very conspicuously. The statesman who is set over us is set there for his proved personal qualities by the power of Parliament, and he has all the stimulus, therefore, of knowing that he will be supported in the exercise of those qualities by the whole force of the country. His abilities, whatever they may be, are not only the reason why he rules, but they are put on their mettle by the knowledge that it is so. We could see the striking effect of this popularity on Lord Palmerston in the Crimean crisis in enhancing all his natural *verve* and energy. We see it now, when the country is in quite another phase, in its sobering and restraining power, which gives a sort of judicial caution to his naturally rather rash mind. Mr. Lincoln has had all the corresponding disadvantages to contend with. He had had no experience as a statesman or even as a public man to give the public confidence. He had, therefore, never inspired confidence either in himself or in any one else. He knew that no one believed in him. He probably was too modest and too hampered by the ignominious sense of ignorance to believe in himself. And yet he was at the head of a raw team of politicians in a moment of unexampled peril. Of course, he showed little decision and no address. He would not have been supported by the public in overruling the men around him. He was not trained to grave responsible action, and what powers he had for it were directly repressed by the greater confidence of the country in the theatrical stump orator whom he had been obliged to choose for his chief counsellor. All the conditions of prompt and wise executive action were in the highest degree unfavorable to him. Utterly unprepared by his past life, scarcely knowing whether he had anything in him at all, to fit him for his situation, and knowing exceedingly well that no one knew it if he had,—with sufficient sense and humor to be aware of his miserable plight, and not sufficient genius to rise at once to the greatness of the occasion, all the circumstances of the situation, tended as much to paralyze him as they tend to inspire

a statesman like Lord Palmerston. It is no little credit to him that at the end of two years he is beginning to take up the reins for himself, and to show that he can wield them. A writer in the last number of the *Revue Nationale*, M. Eugene Despois, speaks of Mr. Lincoln as "the eminent man whose name posterity will place high above so many spurious great men of our time and of all times." In some sense this is true, *because* he has not succumbed to a political machinery apparently invented to set him on a height, and *then* extinguish him. We incline to think the mere raw material of this offspring of political accident, but of a moral providence, at least as good as, if not better than, the raw material of our own favorite statesman. But the moral of the comparison lies in the marvellous badness of the American constitutional system which owes any remnant of virtue it may have to a special providence, after having provided carefully, anxiously as it were, for a great miscarriage. While Lord Palmerston's success is the legitimate offspring of our parliamentary system, Mr. Lincoln's modest and somewhat vulgar but respectable statesmanship is strictly a god-send,—and, such as it is, has been achieved in spite of every obstacle which an elaborate political machinery could manage to place in his way.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT SUMTER IN 1861.

THE following sketch was written by a talented Northern lady who resided in Charleston at the time Fort Sumter was wrested from Major Anderson and his gallant little band. The events now transpiring at Charleston lend new interest to this scene from the past, which, as will be noticed, was delineated on the spot and soon after the fall of Sumter.—*Boston Journal*.

A BATTERY VIEW.

April 12 and 13, 1861! How will it sound in history yet to be written? It is not familiar to the ear like April 19 and June 17. May it not be only the first of a series of quite as unfamiliar dates whose records shall be written in blood?

These two days in Charleston business has been utterly neglected, and the streets deserted and empty. These two days the fashionable promenade overlooking the water has been crowded with an eager multitude, watching while an encircling line of batteries, well ammunitioned and fully manned, threw shot and shell unceasingly at one fort, where some sixty men, with small stock of ammunition and almost no provisions, re-

turned the fire with wonderful perseverance. The cannon's roar has ceased, and night has let fall her mantle over the scene. The battle is over. April 12 and 13, 1861, belong to history. How will the story read ten years hence?

We said the streets were deserted. The gateways to the yards, however, always contain negroes, who stood in clusters, idly watching the few who passed on their way to the Battery. They were probably the sole occupants of the premises. They talked to each other as they stood, and one woman remarked, "Dis jes' like Fourth ob July!"—and perhaps that was the best description that could be given of the appearance of the city. And so high and low, rich and poor, the patrician families of South Carolina and the plebeian resident Yankees found their way to the Battery. You have already had some description of this favorite promenade and pride of Charleston—and know that it runs close to the water's edge along part of the east and south sides of the city. The South Battery lies in front of what is called White Point Garden, a space of ground enclosed by an iron fence, and crossed by walks. Grass refuses to grow in this climate, but the clover, in patches, is beautifully green. The East Battery is lined on the side of the water by a sidewalk of broad flag-stones, sufficiently elevated to be out of the reach of the waves, except in unusually heavy gales. The South Battery faces James Island. Standing on the East, one looks straight out to sea; James Island, and further out Morris's Island, lie on the right; Castle Pinckney, on a mud shoal close to the city, on the left; farther down, Sullivan's Island, with Fort Moultrie at its extreme end; between the two, and just opposite the city, at a distance of about three miles, Fort Sumter, the only spot where, from December 20 to April 13, the flag of the United States of America has floated within the jurisdiction of the "Independent Commonwealth of South Carolina." Above Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, are several other batteries, and the far-famed Floating Battery lies off the island, to the left of the observer. Major Stevens's iron-clad battery is on the right, on Morris's Island, and a long chain of other fortifications extend over the low, sandy islands all around the harbor.

The city has been in a state of intense excitement all the week. Anderson has been summoned to surrender and has refused. His last refusal was received at one o'clock Friday morning, April 12, and as soon as the gray dawn showed, the fortifications opened fire upon him. The Battery, the house-tops, the windows of the adjacent houses were thronged all day. A strong north-east wind

bore the sound of every gun toward the city and far from the coast, twenty, thirty, and even sixty miles into the country, where those who were improving their last safe chance of country life in this poisonous swamp region, counted with trembling lips the reports which followed each other in rapid succession, and feared the worst.

All day the deafening roar continued with occasional pauses, and all day the watchers saw nothing but the volumes of smoke which foretold the explosion of the guns from the different fortifications. Still the flags of South Carolina and the Confederate States were on all the islands and the shipping, and alone on its lofty staff on Sumter the flag which fills the hearts of some at least of the watchers "with memories sweet and endless" floats in the breeze. Reports early in the morning say that one of Anderson's shots, which came with beautiful precision every five minutes into Fort Moultrie, has killed twenty-seven men. Later despatches relieve the terrible anxiety by saying that no one is injured, and through the day despatches from the different fortifications still repeat the hardly creditable tale that no one is injured. The day goes on, and comes to an end, and with the fall of night the reports of cannon are less frequent. All day large vessels are distinctly visible, to the right of Sumter and out of the range of the guns. It is supposed that they will attempt to reinforce Anderson at high tide, which will be about nine in the evening. The cannon fire at intervals all night, and we wait impatiently the coming day.

The sun rises cloudless and bright on one of the April days which are like the June days of New England, but the wind has shifted, and we hear no reports. It is believed that the firing has ceased; why, no one can tell; but at the battery the volumes of smoke still show that it has not, though even there it is almost impossible to hear the sound.

Let us go thither. Many of the stores have their doors open, but no shutters are unclosed and only necessary business is transacted. We go down Meeting Street, past Institute or Secession Hall, and remember the scene of the twentieth of last December there. Saddled horses stand waiting at the door, and remind us that General Beauregard's office is within. As we turn down Water Street, which leads to the East Battery, the crowd becomes visible lining the sidewalk. Making our way between the carriages which fill the street, we mount the steps leading to the sidewalk, and, taking up our position in the least crowded part, turn our attention to the harbor. The reports come deadened to the ear, though one can

easily enough tell whence the shot come by the smoke.

The crowd increases and is composed of all materials. Women of all ages and ranks of life look eagerly out with spy-glasses and opera-glasses. Children talk and laugh and walk back and forth in the small moving space as if they were at a public show. Now and then a man in military dress goes hastily past. Grave men talk in groups. Young men smoke, and calculate probabilities, and compare conflicting reports, and still the guns send forth their deadly missiles, and the light cloud, suddenly appearing and hanging over the fort till dispersed by the wind, tell of the shells which explode before they reach their destination.

"There goes Stevens again! He gives it to 'em strong," and a puff of white smoke rises from the iron-clad battery.

"Look! did you see the bricks fly then from the end of the fort? She struck that time."

"What is that smoke over Sumter? Is it not smoke?" and all glasses and eyes are turned in that direction and watch eagerly. It increases in volume and rolls off seaward. What can it be? Is he going to blow up the fort? Is he heating shot? What is it? Still the batteries around keep up a continual fire, and Anderson's guns, amidst a cloud of smoke, return with two or three discharges. Suddenly a white cloud rises from Sumter and a loud report tells of the explosion of some magazine. "Probably a magazine on the roof for his barbette guns," and the firing goes on.

"Look out! Moultrie speaks again!" and another puff of smoke points out the position of that fort, followed by one from the floating battery of the others. We listen and watch.

"I don't believe Anderson is in the fort. He must have gone off last night to the fleet and left only a few men. It was a very dark night."

"See the vessels off there? No, not there: farther along to the right of Sumter. That small one is the *Harriet Lane*."

"Yes, I can see them plain with the naked eye. Aint they going to do anything? The large one has hauled off?"

"No, they are still."

"Look! can't you see those little boats? Three little boats a hundred yards apart. They are certainly coming."

"Yes," replies a woman, an opera-glass at her eyes, "the papers this morning said they were to reinforce with small boats, which were to keep at a great distance from each other."

Another, incredulous, says they are noth-

ing but waves, and you can see plenty anywhere just like them.

"Doubleday is killed," says another. "They saw him from Moultrie," lying on top of the ramparts."

This remark is answered with an *argumentum ad hominem* by a boy who says, "Look now, do you see that mosquito just on the corner of that flag in Sumter?" and a dignified silence follows.

Now the smoke rises over Sumter again; black smoke, and curls away, but no other signs of life. We watch, and, as we watch, it grows blacker and thicker. The fort must be on fire.

"Yes, can't you see the flame? there, at the south angle, you can see it through this glass. Look now!"

The smoke hides all one side of the fort, and the leaping flames leave no room for doubt. They spread till it seems as if the whole fort was a sheet of flame within, and the firing goes on as if nothing new had happened, but no signs of life at Fort Sumter. Why don't the fleet do something? How can men with blood in their veins idly watch the scene, and not lend a helping hand when they have the power? They must be armed vessels. Is Anderson still in the fort? No signal comes from there, and the firing continues, and the shells explode around and within, and the dense black smoke rolls away and the flames leap round the flag-staff, as it seems.

"Now you'll see that old flag go down," says a boy with a spy-glass.

That old flag!

We listen and watch in mournful silence, and hear the beating of our heart as the flames rise higher and fiercer. What does it mean? Anderson can't be in the fort. He must have gone. He *must* be on board the fleet or they could not stand idly by at such a moment.

"He has probably left slow matches to some of his guns. He means to burn up the fort—to blow it up."

"Captain Foster intimated that it was undetermined," says another.

Still the flag-staff stands, though the flames are red around it.

"It would be a bad omen if that flag should stand all this fire," says a gentleman at our side, as he hands us his glass. We level it and look.

A vessel lies at anchor just between, and the flag of the Confederate States, fluttering from the fore, completely conceals the staff at Sumter. We move impatiently far to the right to get rid of it, and see with throbbing heart the flag still safe, and watch with sickening anxiety.

Another explosion, which scatters the smoke for a while.

"He is blowing up the barracks to prevent the fire from spreading," says another.

Can it be that he is there still?

Still the flag waves as of old; the flames die down, and the smoke clears away somewhat, and the shells explode as before, and Major Stevens fires continually.

"It is West Point against West Point to-day," says one.

"Stevens was not at West Point."

"No, but Beauregard was a pupil of Anderson there."

Where is Anderson? And yet who would not rather even at this moment be Anderson, with all his danger, than General Twiggs, in his safety, and with the applause of the Southern Confederacy?

The tide has turned, and is going out. What does it mean? Still the people pass and repass, and the crowd thins a little, and they jest idly and remark on the passers, and conversation goes on. Friends meet and greet each other with playful words. Judge Magrath stands in a careless attitude in the window of one of the houses overlooking the scene. Beauregard passes, observant; carriages drive by; people begin to leave.

The flag is down! A shot has struck the staff and carried it away. "Look, the flag is down;" and an excited crowd rush again through the streets leading to the Battery, and a shout fills the air.

The flag of the United States has been shot down in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina!

"It is up again on a lower staff!" "Yes!" "No!" "It is a white flag."

A white flag waves from the walls of Fort Sumter, and the colors which have been repeatedly lowered as a signal of distress in vain to-day have fallen at last.

The firing ceases, and Anderson surrenders unconditionally, with the fort a blazing furnace.

The man who, of all others, deserved to be supported by the whole power of the nation, who has manfully, nobly upheld his honor and the honor of the government to which he swore allegiance, against threats and taunts and entreaties and bribes has been forced to surrender, and the United States no longer hold a foot of ground in South Carolina.

What will history say?

THE lengthy pamphlet against Renan by the Bishop of Nîmes has been followed by a much shorter document from the pen of Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse. The latter does not stoop to examine the arguments brought forward in the "Vie de Jésus," but briefly and summarily exhorts his flock to disavow "the attempt made against God—an attempt such as has not been seen since the day when the philosopher of Ferney cried "*Ecrasons l'infame!*" etc. The other bishops and archbishops are to follow with anti-Renan pamphlets, books, and pastoral letters. One of the most characteristic replies to the book appeared the other day, the author of which chiefly denounces Renan as "anti-Napoleonic," since in the writings of Napoleon I. another view is taken of Christ. Of other writings occasioned by the book may be mentioned an "Etude," now preparing, from the pen of M. Ste-Beuve. It is said that he has only very reluctantly yielded to the pressing solicitations of his friends in appearing on a field comparatively foreign to him. His critique is to appear in the feuilleton of the *Constitutionnel*.—Reader.

An appeal is being made by the rector of High Laver, near Ongar, in Essex, for subscriptions to repair the tomb of John Locke. Instead of being made to the public, this appeal should surely, in the first place, be made to the noble descendants

of the philosopher's daughter. To contribute till that has been done and failed would be a mark of disrespect to those descendants who, with very proper pride, retain his surname as a Christian name in the family.—Reader.

A SMALL work by C. G. Carus, just published, is entitled "Goethe and his Importance for our Generation and those to come: together with fifteen hitherto unknown parables of Goethe, dating from the year 1770."

By way of supplement to his edition of Homer, published at Bonn in 1858, Professor Immanuel Bekker, has collected into one volume octavo, of 330 pages, all his criticisms and remarks on Homer, and on the labors of other editors, which have appeared in German from his pen in the various literary journals of Germany from 1806 to 1862. On opening the book a startling novelty meets the eye in the preface. German nouns, which usually commence with capital letters, are here printed after the fashion of Latin, French, and English, with lower-case or small letters at the beginning. This is a novelty which deserves to be recorded.

THE number of gymnasts present at the late "Turner-Fest" at Leipsic exceeded 25,000, with more than 600 flags.